

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 154

Week Ending
FEBRUARY 25, 1922

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Postage
1d. Inland, 2d. Abroad Every Friday 2d.

A CONTINENT CHANGES ITS RAILWAYS

OLD SIR THOMAS BROWNE

A SKULL RETURNS HOME
Odd Fate of a Family Physician

WISE THINGS HE SAID

Imperious Caesar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

That was Shakespeare's way of reminding us of the "base uses" to which our bones may come, and the words have lately come to mind at Norwich.

The fear of being disturbed after death troubled the thoughts of many in the sixteenth century, and old Sir Thomas Browne, a famous author of a little later date, spoke in favour of cremation because, he said, man so escaped the "tragical abomination of being knaved out of his grave, his skull turned into a drinking-bowl, and his bones into pipes."

Fame of a Small Book

Yet this very fate, strangely enough, befell Sir Thomas's own skeleton. He was buried at Norwich in 1682, an old man of seventy-seven. In 1840 his vault was disturbed while repairs were being done, his skull was "knaved away," and a few years later presented to the Norwich Museum. Now it has been returned to the church where it certainly ought to rest. It will be re-buried in the chancel, and the vicar will give the museum a plaster-cast of it.

Few authors have become famous upon so small an output as that of Sir Thomas Browne. No one who wishes to be acquainted with English literature can leave unread his *Urn-Burial* and *Religio Medici*—the Faith of a Physician. Yet it is only the last chapter of *Urn-Burial* which keeps it alive; and only the quaint sayings in the earlier work have saved it from being forgotten.

Music in Common Words

This last chapter is a full-sounding coinage of phrases on the subject of immortality. There is little stimulating thought in it; its value for us consists in the stateliness of the language, the rhythm, and the harmony of the words.

To hope to be remembered for any length of time is, the old writer declares, "a vanity almost out of date, and a superannuated piece of folly. There is no antidote against the opium of time. Gravestones tell truth scarce forty years. Generations pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks."

In vain, therefore, "do individuals hope for immortality, or any patent from oblivion." But "man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave, solemnising natiivities and deaths with equal lustre." Our life "is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us."

One of the lords of language was Sir Thomas Browne, one who could draw music from common speech, a master of words, able to weave them into spells that charm our senses. A student, also,

God Bless Our Glad Princess



God bless, God bless, our glad Princess, and keep her all her days,
With a sweet, sweet mind, and her heart so kind, and full of English ways;
To Him above with simple love we children send our prayers,
God bless, God bless, our glad Princess, and keep her all her years.
To Him above with tender love we little children pray—
God bless, God bless, our glad Princess on this her wedding day.

This, the latest photograph of Princess Mary, was taken by C. Vandyk, Ltd.

in many branches of knowledge, a physician of some skill, a country gentleman who spent his leisure among his books and was knighted by accident when Charles the Second visited Norwich and, the mayor having begged to be excused, insisted on knighting somebody!

It seems to us hardly believable that a man of so great learning, who was in some lines of thought so enlightened, should have been under the malign influence of absurd and even cruel superstitions. Yet, as an astrologist and an alchemist, Sir Thomas was a believer in magic and spells. He gave evidence in 1664 against two poor old women who were convicted of witchcraft and barbarously done to death.

Only a very few minds rise above the superstitions and delusions of their age. Not all Sir Thomas Browne's knowledge could free him from degrading beliefs—which proves that it is not

always the learned who are the wisest or the richest in charity and good sense. Still, Sir Thomas was an ornament to the time in which he lived, and is still giving pleasure today. It is meet and right that his skull should be replaced in the church where he was buried, and the occasion gives us a welcome opportunity to think of the old author who thrills us still with such phrases as that famous one he wrote to say that

Man is older than the elements,
and owes no homage to the sun.

A SCIENTIST'S SACRIFICE

Dr. J. Hall-Edwards, who has lost his left hand and four fingers on the right hand in carrying out his splendid work with radium, has been awarded a medallion and £100 a year from the Carnegie Hero Fund. It is a gratifying recognition of the bitter sacrifice of a chivalrous man.

ELUSIVE POWER OF THE ATOM

LITTLE CHANCE OF HARNESSING IT FOR USE**Mighty Force that is so Near and yet so Far****FRAGMENT OF CHALK THAT COULD DRIVE A LINER**

Shall we ever be able to use the mighty energy stored up in the atoms of which matter is composed in order to obtain the power now supplied by steam and electricity?

Sir Ernest Rutherford, the famous scientist of Cambridge, thinks not. He is one of the world's greatest authorities on the subject, and has recently told the Institution of Mechanical Engineers that he does not think we can look in the future for a source of power in the disintegration of the atom by the forces at present at our hand.

This will be disappointing news to those who had hoped that a cheap and effective substitute for coal would soon be found in the release and harnessing of the energy of the atom.

Furnace of a Million Degrees

Two years ago Sir Oliver Lodge explained that, while atomic energy was rather inaccessible, it was not hopelessly so, and from that time to this scientists in different parts of the world have been trying to get at this energy so that it might be used for the service of man.

Now comes Sir Ernest Rutherford with the statement that the gain of energy obtained by scientists in the laboratory is on such a minute scale that it can only be considered of little practical consequence. Even a furnace of a million degrees of heat would not effect the disintegration of the atom, and only, of course, by the breaking up of the atom could its energy be released.

It is very tantalising to know that such vast stores of power lie so near at hand and yet are unreachable.

Raising 100,000 Tons 3000 Feet

As Sir Oliver Lodge has told us, the energy in an ounce of matter is enough to raise the sunken German navy from the bottom of the sea and pile it up on top of a Scottish mountain. He calculates that the energy in a couple of grains of matter moving at one-tenth the speed of light would raise 100,000 tons 3000 feet. Another scientist declares that if we can liberate and utilise the energy of the atom a piece of chalk no larger than a chestnut might suffice to drive the Aquitania across the Atlantic.

It is one thing, however, for men of science with marvellously delicate instruments to discover these facts in the laboratory, and quite another thing for them to seize and harness the energy they know to be there for practical uses.

Perhaps one day the secret may be discovered, but, as Sir Ernest Rutherford declares, it will not be yet.

A GOOD IDEA FROM SCANDINAVIA

STANDARD FOODS

Their Value to the Little Buyer and Their Help to Trade

DUTCH CHEESE AND DANISH BUTTER

By Our Commercial Correspondent

We have still much to learn in the way of producing standard products, the kind and quality of which can be absolutely relied upon.

On the face of it it seems very wonderful that a little country like Denmark should have built up such a wonderful export trade in butter that our purchases alone at pre-war prices came to be worth over £10,600,000 a year. How was it that Danish butter came to have so great a reputation?

The thing was done by taking great care to produce a standard article of uniform quality. Instead of the little Danish farmers acting each according to his own lights they combined, obeyed co-operative laws, and took the greatest care to conform to sensible rules as to quality and packing. The result was that Danish butter came to be respected.

Example to Follow

So great has been the success of these methods as applied to butter that the Danish Minister of Agriculture has now made regulations to standardise cheese.

This does not mean that Denmark will produce only one sort of cheese. Denmark will continue to make many different kinds. The point about the new regulation is that each variety will have to be up to its standard.

Holland is pursuing the same excellent policy. There is a Dutch Butter Control Station, which sees to it that the registered manufacturers make only pure butter. The cases containing this pure butter are stamped by the Government stamp, and the buyer knows that he can rely upon the quality.

So it is with cheese. The Dutch cheese exports are made on a co-operative basis, and the Government sees to it that the makers do not sell cheese containing less than a certain percentage of food value.

Guarantee of Quality

In America, too, the standardisation of food products has proceeded much farther than here. One has only to take up an American paper to see advertisements of all sorts of specialised foods that people buy because they know they will get exactly what they ask for without risk of getting inferior articles.

Some of these American products have been successfully pushed in the British market, and here and there British makers have thought it worth while to follow their example.

There is a great opportunity for British food producers to co-operate with each other and to adopt these modern methods. It is as possible to produce a British standard butter as a Danish standard butter. If the British farmer does not give his mind to such matters he will see his markets more and more invaded, not only by the Dane and the Dutchman, but by food producers even farther removed in South Africa, in Canada, and in Australia.

Value of Science

A great national purpose would be served by making agriculture a pursuit in which science is substituted for rough-and-ready methods. In every department of food production, whether it be in cereals, in root crops, in fodder, in meat, or in dairy produce, the same principles apply.

It is with food as with manufactures. Just as a pianoforte may vary from an instrument of fine tone to a mere tin kettle, so an apple tree may vary from a poor, insect-infested organism to a healthy, vigorous producer of glorious fruit. The same soil may produce the most widely-varying results.

A STORM AND AFTER

Schoolboys Visit the Battlefields

HOW THEY MADE A VILLAGE HAPPY

By Our Paris Correspondent

Not only great cities and little towns have adopted devastated war areas. We are told that a Paris school has also become a godfather, and an active one.

A group of French schoolboys on a holiday with their teacher were scouring the war-ruined districts on their bicycles when they were caught in a violent storm far out on the battlefields. Soaked and starving, the party reached Crouy at night. There was no shelter for so many travellers in the village; the courageous inhabitants of the little place still lived in cellars or huts. However, they did their best to help the boys, and saved them from the need of going to Soissons in the terrible weather.

The invitation from these poor victims of the war was so hearty that the merry company could not but stay. Makeshift beds were found and brought to the village schoolroom, a big meal was served, and the young trippers enjoyed a rest while their clothes were dried.

Back in Paris, the boys wondered how they might show their gratitude to the kind people who had made them so welcome, and the master suggested: "Why not adopt Crouy as godchild?"

The idea was received with great enthusiasm, and as the other classes, hearing of the scheme, wished to join in, the whole school resolved to adopt the village of Crouy.

Nearly ten thousand francs have already been sent to Crouy, and on each holiday a party of boys goes out to the village with parcels of books and clothes and other welcome things. The little children of the village seem never to have been so happy, and their parents share their delight. But the schoolboys are the happiest of all.

DESERT ISLAND WIRELESS

No More Robinson Crusoes!

Wireless telegraphy has added greatly to the romance of life, but it has taken something away too.

Now that all ships of any size are fitted with it, the danger of being "Robinson Crusoe" has almost disappeared. If the Swedish vessel *Elmaren* had not had a wireless installation, the crew might be still on a small island in the Indian Ocean without any prospect of being taken off.

This vessel ran aground on a reef. As soon as the crew landed they began to think how they could best use their wireless. It was brought ashore, fixed on the top of the highest hill, worked by steam, and soon it was sending out messages far and wide. Less than a month after the shipwreck an answer was received, and the crew knew that they would be rescued.

They left the wireless apparatus on the hill-top so that the next crew shipwrecked there should find it ready to their hands—if weather and wild animals have not spoiled it in the meantime.

STONE AGE LIFE

A Book All About It

A capital little book on the Stone Age has been written by Mr. and Mrs. Quennell, whose books on *Everyday Things in England* have won such warm approval in and out of school. The new book is called "Everyday Life in the Old Stone Age" (Batsford, 5s.), and it has seventy most beautiful illustrations.

If you would know something about the rocks in which we find the story of the past, about the men who made flint tools and what they did with them, about the men who lived in caves and the artists who drew pictures on the face of rocks, here is the story well and briefly told, with all the authorities and references and pictures so useful in a book like this. A most excellent textbook on an enthralling subject.

A BATTLESHIP'S LAST VOYAGE

Dramatic Event to Begin a New Age

AMERICA'S PLAN FOR IMPRESSING THE WORLD

As a symbol of the work done by the Washington Conference in the direction of limiting naval armaments, the Americans hope to "bury" one of their battleships in the Atlantic with elaborate ceremony.

The "corpse" will be escorted out of harbour by the whole American Atlantic Fleet. She will be dressed with signal flags.

When the spot chosen for her grave is reached, the crews of all the other vessels will man ship, the bands will play the national anthem, guns will fire a salute, and the doomed Dreadnought, having been scuttled, will sink to the depths.

Thus will be impressed upon the imagination of the peoples of the world the beginning of the ending of War.

Not yet quite in sight is this great end, but it is immensely valuable that the first dramatic step, which this "burial" will symbolise, has been taken. The minds of the nations have been turned away from the belief that wars could not be avoided. They are becoming familiar with the idea that armaments are gradually to disappear.

Such a ceremony as that which the Americans have planned will serve to emphasise the passing of the trust in "reeling tube and iron shard," and the dawn of a new day of common sense and comradeship. *Picture on page 7*

GREAT FLIGHT OF FLIES

234,000 Set Free

One of the most remarkable experiments ever made was carried out recently by the Bureau of Entomology in the United States, when 234,000 captive flies were released and their movements ascertained by recapturing them in numerous places with special traps.

The flies were first introduced into a curious bag containing red chalk, which made it possible to identify them, and within twenty-four hours over 150,000 had been trapped again.

Practically all the flies travelled in a westerly or northerly direction.

It was found that the common housefly will travel a distance of from five to nine miles in two days, and will fly past villages and farms to seek food.

REGINALD FARRAR

One Who Gave His Life

A C.N. reader in Scotland writes concerning the article on the young American doctor who gave his life for science, and we gladly print the letter because of its tribute to Dr. Farrar, a noble man who also sacrificed his life.

In your fine notice of the young American doctor who gave his life in Mexico, it sounds as if you may not have heard of the example of heroism in our own English Dr. Reginald Farrar (son of Dean Farrar), who lost his life from typhus not long ago in Moscow.

He went to help to stay the disease and to help our Red Cross work in the famine districts in Russia. He worked there for only two weeks before he was struck down by the illness and died.

If anyone thought of starting a memorial to his memory, how suitable would be the Ten-Nations Hospital in Hungary, of which you tell us; he worked hard to help Hungary and had Hungarian children in his home in Harrow.

DOWN BUT NOT OUT

THE MAN WHO CANNOT MOVE

Cheerful Philosophy of a Busy Bedroom

SPIRIT THAT CANNOT BE BEATEN

Those who remember our little article, some months ago, on the man for whom a bill was introduced into the American parliament, will be sorry to know that, though the bill was passed through the Upper House of Congress, the Lower House has rejected it, so that Mr. A. E. Rump is still without his pension.

For years Mr. Rump has lain helpless on a bed, his body rigid, the bewilderment of doctors and the everlasting wonder of his friends. He bewilders his doctors because they can do nothing for his case; he astonishes his friends because he lies there, rigid as a piece of iron, like a cheerful man, absolutely refusing to be beaten.

Overcoming Difficulties

He carries on a news-agency and insurance business from his bed, with a telephone fixed immediately in front of him, and with a faithful nurse to put him through. So, though he has lost entirely the use of his hands, and cannot use any part of his body, Mr. Rump earns a livelihood by arranging magazine subscriptions and insurances. For nearly twelve years he has conducted this business from his bed.

The C.N. with the article about himself has somehow found its way to our cheerful friend, and Mr. Rump writes to tell us of the failure of the efforts for his pension. We give these few lines from his letter.

"While this has been a great disappointment, and has proved a hardship, I am not discouraged, for I know my case is just."

"Since I lost the entire use of my hands, it has been harder for me to carry on my business, but we are gradually devising methods to overcome this handicap. We are compelled by necessity to continue the fight, but Nurse is a wonderful help."

Unconquerable Soul

So writes our friend, signing himself, "Yours Cheerfully." Is it not a great example for us all in these days of so much grumbling? Above his bed hang two mottoes in big type. One says "Don't worry"; the other says, "Down but not out." That is the spirit which keeps our friend alive; a great philosophy it is for those who lie on beds of pain, and those who rise in strength at every dawn.

Mr. Rump would like to hear from a C.N. reader who wrote to him as A. S. N., somebody in Whitehaven, England. And if one or two of our little C.N. optimists will send him a message of goodwill it will surely be a pleasant thing to do, and lift up his heart. Letters will find him at 6243 Columbia Avenue, St. Louis, Michigan, U.S.A. But no C.N. reader must desire an answer; it is not to be expected.

We send our greeting to the man who is down but not out, and on behalf of millions of readers in many lands we pass on to him our congratulations that, whatever happens to his body, he remains the dauntless and unbeaten captain of an unconquerable soul.

BANKNOTE LAUNDRIES

Hundreds of thousands of dollars are saved every year in the United States by the "banknote laundries." When the banknotes begin to get dirty they are washed and ironed, and turned out as fresh and crisp as when they were first issued.

OUR WATER SUPPLY GREAT NEED OF CARE WITH IT

Vital Necessity of Life for the
Nation's Millions

WHY NOT A NATIONAL WATER-LINE?

Many people are talking now as if the sunny summer of last year were the sole cause of our water difficulties. They shake their heads and say: "This is the result of fine weather. We enjoyed it while it lasted, but now we have to pay more for our water."

That is a view which leaves out of account the lowness of rivers, springs, and wells in many parts of the country before the hot weather began. A year ago there was already a serious decrease in the quantity of water available for the use of England's thirty-eight million people. The long season of dry weather from May till August came on the top of a period during which—although few of us noticed it—the rainfall had been insufficient for our needs.

Avoiding Waste

The price of water has been raised in order to prevent it from being wasted. Having to pay more for it will make us careful about leaky taps.

To most of us it probably seemed that there could be no limit to the amount of water supplied through our pipes. Those who live in the country and are dependent on well-water, which means that they have to pump every drop, or on water which has to be carried from a stream, understand the necessity for avoiding waste; but in towns the supply seems to be unrestricted, a bounty which need not be economised.

Think what it would mean to us if we were to be put on a ration of water. We should have to learn to keep clean without taking full baths; we should have to give up emptying half-full teapots down the sink; keeping our houses clean would be more difficult. These, however, would be merely inconveniences. Cutting down the supply of water required by factories would be far worse. That would mean unemployment, less production, less prosperity.

Reservoirs Filling Up

If we get plenty of rain from now on there will be no need to do more than insist upon water being carefully used. There has been an improvement already. The Thames is higher than it has been for a long time. The reservoirs which supply London are full. Continuance of rainy weather will in time remove the danger of water famine. But even the possibility of such a misfortune has set minds at work upon plans for securing us against such a peril in future.

One scheme is to put the provision of water under the control of a national authority. At present each city, each district outside the cities, provides its own, which means that they compete against each other for sources of supply. If the country were treated as a whole it might be possible to guard against shortage, even after a prolonged drought.

Sharing the Water Supply

It has been proved by inquiry that there is always plenty of water in England for the needs of the population if it could be equally distributed. Even in the driest periods some parts get a great deal of rain. Is it too hard to imagine the whole country connected up by water-pipes, all the supplies controlled for the nation as a whole, dry regions supplied from wet regions, water carried hundreds of miles?

If anyone had been told 150 years ago that London would draw its water from Staines and Wraybury, that Manchester and Liverpool would tap lakes in Wales and Cumberland, it would have seemed foolishness. Who can say what may be done in a hundred years or less?

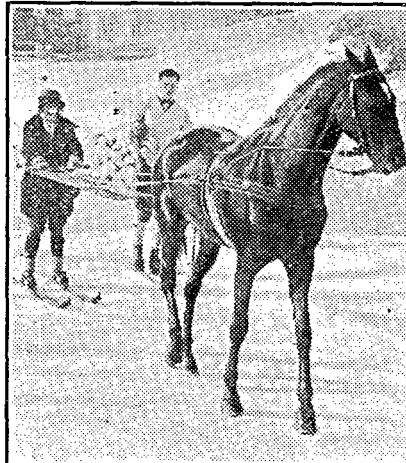
BRITONS AT PLAY IN THE ALPS



A party of English tobogganists setting out from Davos



A glorious run downhill with the dog



A lady enthusiast goes for a ski run



Two Canadian girl visitors skating at Murren



The Oxford and Cambridge hockey match on the ice at Murren

Large numbers of British visitors go to Switzerland every year during the winter months, and there are no more enthusiastic supporters of the winter sports than these people of Anglo-Saxon race from all over the Empire. Here we see various kinds of sports in progress, including a university hockey match on the ice

A DOCTOR GIVES THANKS

FAMOUS AUSTRIAN'S
GRATITUDE TO AMERICA

Dr. Lorenz and His Work for
Crippled Children

THE BENEFACITOR IN THE
HOSPITALS.

A most happy way of showing gratitude for one nation's goodwill toward another nation in distress has been practised by Dr. Adolf Lorenz, the celebrated Vienna surgeon.

Dr. Lorenz has been most successful as a surgeon in treating childish cases of deformity in the bones and joints, particularly such deformities as club feet. His cures are known all over the world.

Now it has occurred to him, as a way of recognising the kindness of the American people to the children of Vienna, to go to America and undertake free cures at certain hospitals in New York, and possibly in Chicago, while American doctors are invited to study his methods.

The Big Man with a Beard

An immense amount of deformity in children is curable by the modern methods of which Dr. Lorenz is one of the most skilful masters, and all the world will recognise with admiration and gratitude the splendid humanity of this Austrian expert in repaying American kindness by the free use of his skill.

The need for this surgery is shown by the fact that the first boy operated on by Dr. Lorenz in New York was chosen out of 2113 cripples.

The Viennese physician is a striking and impressive figure as he enters the hospital ward. He brings quickly to the mind the thought that age may be far more beautiful than youth. Chiefly this impression is due to the eager expression of his fine, intellectual face and bright blue eyes. The children in the hospitals are told by the doctors to look for the big man with a beard, and they are never disappointed.

Getting to Know the Case

The doctor enters the hospital doors with a rapid gait, like a man who has no time to waste. He strides into the first ward prepared to receive him, and takes off his hat and coat.

Then over to the first surgical cot where a child lies waiting, a crippled child ready in a surgical robe for inspection. It is then a question of legs and arms. With wonderfully expert manipulation of the faulty joints and limbs, Dr. Lorenz feels his way to a first-hand knowledge of the case. Suddenly up goes a leg, tossed so swiftly by the doctor that the foot of the child is quite likely to strike up into a face.

"Give me—give me," murmurs the doctor to the child; and the child understands somehow that the phrase, expressed in Dr. Lorenz's slightly foreign English, means that he is to relax as much as possible and let the surgeon do what he will with the crippled limb.

Genius and Experience

There are bound to be disappointments among the people who are flocking to Dr. Lorenz as if he were a miracle man. Scores of the cases which are brought to him could only be cured by God, as the doctor himself has said, and hundreds of others are too old for bloodless surgery, which is his speciality, and can only be improved, if at all, by less magical processes involving years of treatment.

The bloodless surgical operations themselves are performed by Americans whom Dr. Lorenz taught on his former visit here, so it is no great discovery that he is imparting to the medical fraternity during his visit. But his vast fund of detailed knowledge and experience, and his genius for imparting it personally and communicating his enthusiasm to others, are of enormous value.

CONTINENT CHANGES ITS RAILWAYS

BIG QUESTION FOR AUSTRALIA

Millions of Money to Put Right an Old Mistake

15,000 MILES OF LINE WRONG

Australia is face to face with one of her biggest problems—the conversion of her railways to a uniform gauge.

For a dozen years, the question has been under consideration by the various State Governments, and the Federal Government has now resolved to carry out the report of a commission of experts who has proposed that the three gauges on the continental railways should be made into one. It will mean altering over 15,000 miles of railway.

It is a stupendous enterprise, probably never before undertaken by any country, but it will end for ever the nuisance of the "break of gauge" which has made travel so difficult in Australia.

The Break of Gauge

The "break of gauge" problem simply means that in each of the five Australian States the railway systems are of different widths, necessitating the use on each system of a different type of rolling stock. Thus New South Wales has 5000 miles of railways, with a width between the rails of 4 feet 8½ inches. The various systems are as follows:

STATE LINE	MILEAGE	GAUGE
New South Wales	5000	4 feet 8½
Victoria	4000	5 feet 3
Queensland	6000	3 feet 6
South Australia	1000	5 feet 3
Western Australia	1000	3 feet 6
Transcontinental Line	1056	4 feet 8½

Thus, if a traveller wishes to travel from Brisbane, on the Pacific coast of Australia, to Perth, on the Indian Ocean side, he has to change trains at

Wallangarra in Queensland—New South Wales border

Albury in N.S.W.—Victoria border

Terowie in South Australia

Port Augusta in South Australia

Kalgoorlie in Western Australia

The personal inconvenience and discomfort entailed by this sort of thing in a running time of about 150 hours is bad enough, but the economic effect on Australian industry is indefinitely worse, and traders naturally prefer the longer route by sea carriage, in which their goods have only to be handled once.

The States and the Commonwealth, which own the railways, thus lose valuable freights, and the national interest bill becomes unduly swollen. The railways are Australia's principal source of revenue, and it needs little reflection to understand what a deadly blow is being aimed at the national prosperity by this lack of a unified gauge system.

Kitchener's Advice to Australia

This disastrous state of affairs is, of course, due to the fact that, until federation in 1901, each State went its own way without consulting the others, and without any thought of the possibility of Australia one day being a united nation. It was Lord Kitchener who first brought home to Australians the wastefulness of their railway system and the grave danger to which it would lay open the country in the event of invasion. Until Lord Kitchener's visit in 1910 the Transcontinental Railway was little more than a dream. He made it a reality—but he did more: he laid the foundation of a uniform railway system.

The commission, which has now completed its report, recommends that the gauge of New South Wales should be adopted as the standard throughout the Commonwealth. The unification of the whole system will involve the Commonwealth in an expenditure of something like £57,000,000.

WHO TOOK THE RAZOR?

LIVERPOOL PORT PUZZLE

The Night Watchman, the Rat, and the Oilskin Coat

A QUEER STORY

A Liverpool correspondent sends us the following extraordinary story, with both an animal and a human interest.

Ships entering the port usually employ old, trustworthy servants as watchmen.

Lately such a watchman went on night duty at Liverpool in very cold weather. To make him comfortable the chief steward gave him an old overcoat, first, however, cutting off the buttons, which he wanted to put on another coat.

As the carpenter and boatswain, who shared a room aft, had their homes in the city and did not sleep aboard, they allowed the watchman to use the cabin for shelter, and to get his food in comfort.

The next day, when the carpenter and boatswain came on duty and the night watchman was gone, the carpenter missed his razor, which he had left on the table in its case; and soon after the boatswain found that all the buttons had been taken off his oilskin coat.

Unsolved Mystery

It was not unnatural that suspicion should fall on the night watchman, for they saw that the coat he had been using was without buttons, and if he would take buttons off a coat why should he not also take the razor? They were not aware that the steward himself had cut the buttons off the old coat.

On his return the watchman was questioned, and he firmly declared that he had not touched anything in the room; but the mystery was still unsolved, and the suspicion remained. That the watchman was speaking the truth, however, was proved at last in a most extraordinary way.

The port rat-catcher, coming aboard on his business and searching the room for signs of rats, found a portion of a cardboard razor case, which had been partly eaten by a rat and carried behind a washstand. When this piece of furniture was moved the razor was found, and with it a nibbled button and a small portion of another button.

The Guilty Rat

The rat had gnawed all six buttons off the oilskin coat, and carried them, with the razor, behind the washstand! The handle of the razor, like the buttons, was made of bone, and one black rat, getting into the room unobserved and being unable to find any food, had in a single night eaten half the razor handle, four whole buttons, nearly all of a fifth button, and nibbled off part of the sixth. The rat was caught, and proved to be in a starved condition.

Our correspondent sends us most interesting verification in the half-eaten razor handle, the partly-eaten buttons, and the fragment of the razor-case that was found behind the washstand.

The warning in this story against entertaining suspicions, even when they seem to have good foundations, will occur to every reader.

NEW USE FOR RICE HUSKS

One-third of the whole world's crop of rice is wasted in the form of the husks, but nearly three-quarters of it can in future be converted into cellulose suitable for making paper, and the remainder turned into coke for filtering purposes, or into spirit, hydrogen, and acetic acid.

ULSTER PROUD OF A SON

BRAVE JOHN NICHOLSON

The Finest Man Lord Roberts Ever Knew

IRON MIND AND FRAME

Lisburn, in Ulster, has a new statue in its market-place.

It represents Brigadier John Nicholson, sword in hand, leading the assault on the great gate of Delhi at the capture of the city on September 23, 1857. There he fell, in the hour of victory, leaving a name that has resounded through Northern India ever since.

Of him Lord Roberts said "He impressed me more profoundly than any man I had ever met before, or have ever met since. I have never seen anyone like him. He was the beau-ideal of a soldier and a gentleman."

And that was the opinion held of him by men of all races. On the tablet that tells of his deeds and fame at Delhi it says: "He had an iron mind and frame, a terrible courage, an indomitable will. His form seemed made for an army to behold, his heart to meet the crisis of an empire; yet he was gentle exceedingly, most loving, most kind."

Wonderful Personality

John Nicholson, whose father was an Ulster doctor, went to India as an officer when he was eighteen, and served there almost continuously till he fell at the age of 35. His service was all in Northern India, in a time of frequent wars, and by his splendid daring and the magnetism of his personality he gained such an ascendancy over the turbulent but brave hill tribesmen that, notwithstanding all that he could do to prevent it, a sect was formed to worship him, and Nikkel Sain became a magic name. His character became all-powerful for good, and his district was the most orderly in all India.

When the Mutiny broke out he was the right-hand man of Henry Lawrence in keeping the Punjab faithful to British rule, and Lawrence described him as "a tower of strength." There is no doubt that John Nicholson was one of the most remarkable men who have ever lived, and that his fall in the assault on Delhi cut short a career that would have made him famous throughout the whole world for all great qualities.

He will always be famous in the annals of the British Army, and now his native Ulster has honoured his worth.

GREAT LIBRARY'S WINDFALL

Another Bodley's Gift to the Bodleian

Three hundred and ten years ago Sir Thomas Bodley founded the famous library that bears his name in the University of Oxford. Now a New Zealander named Bodley has given £5000 to the Bodleian, which needs money badly, because he feels that he may have some family connection with it.

The Bodleian is one of the famous libraries of the world. Its founder, while he was alive, was a prominent diplomatist. Queen Elizabeth and her Ministers employed him as ambassador on many important missions. All that part of his activity has long since been forgotten. It is his gift of 2000 books to Oxford University, the nucleus of the Bodleian, which keeps his name alive and makes his memory "smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

The New Zealand Mr. Bodley has set a good example in contributing to the support of his namesake's institution. People often try to connect themselves with ancient families and men of note in the past for their own advantage. Here is a pleasant instance of an entirely disinterested and public-spirited action. No claim is made to relationship; the gift is offered because the giver feels it to be appropriate to one of his name.

JACQUES INAUDI WONDER ARITHMETIC MAN

A Brain Like a Machine for Solving Problems

IGNORANT PEOPLE WITH STRANGE POWERS

By Our Paris Correspondent

Jacques Inaudi is in Paris astonishing the people with his marvellous mathematical mind.

Jacques Inaudi is a man with an extraordinary grasp of figures, who rarely, if ever, fails to calculate any figures that are set for him with sureness and precision. If a very hard question should embarrass him he will press his hands to his immense forehead for a moment, with the same gesture that he had 42 years ago when he first came to Paris.

This was in 1880. Jacques Inaudi was then eleven. He could not read or write, but, this son of poor peasants, to the amazement of great scholars, solved the problem in two or three minutes.

Leaping to Fame

Wandering through the world in company with a trained monkey, he begged the audience to ask him arithmetic questions, and it happened once that this extraordinary facility in solving problems attracted a French merchant, who took the boy to Paris.

There Jacques disconcerted professors and teachers, and leaped into fame. The queer thing is that he could not explain the mechanism of his operations. Broca, a great Paris physician, measured his skull, and found an irregular development of the right side; that was all. The man has remained a mystery of human nature ever since, but he seems to teach us nothing, for he appears no more than a marvellous machine, with no contribution to the progress of science.

So it was with Mondeux, one of Inaudi's predecessors, the son of poor labourers in a village near Tours. Entirely unlettered, Mondeux would make complicated calculations while tending cows. A mathematical teacher heard of him by chance, gave him a few lessons, and had him brought before the Academy in 1840, where he filled the professors with wonder. Yet he remained nothing but a curiosity, teaching his observers nothing.

Mystery of Mathematics

It is queer to realise that these amazing calculators are generally ignorant men. Little Mathieu Le Coq, whom a traveller met in Italy in 1664, did not know how to read or write, but as early as six years old he could solve the most difficult problems without any mistake.

Another utterly uncultured man was Jedediah Buxton, a Derbyshire man, with a brain ever busy with sums and problems. He would solve them as he talked about other things. Did he walk across an estate? He measured out the land exactly as he walked. Once, when taken to Drury Lane Theatre to see Richard the Third, with Garrick and a ballet, Buxton seemed to be very interested, and when asked his impression after the performance he merely answered: "The actors uttered 12,445 words, and the ballet boys and girls danced 5202 steps." It was difficult to verify the steps, but the words of the play were counted, and the number found right.

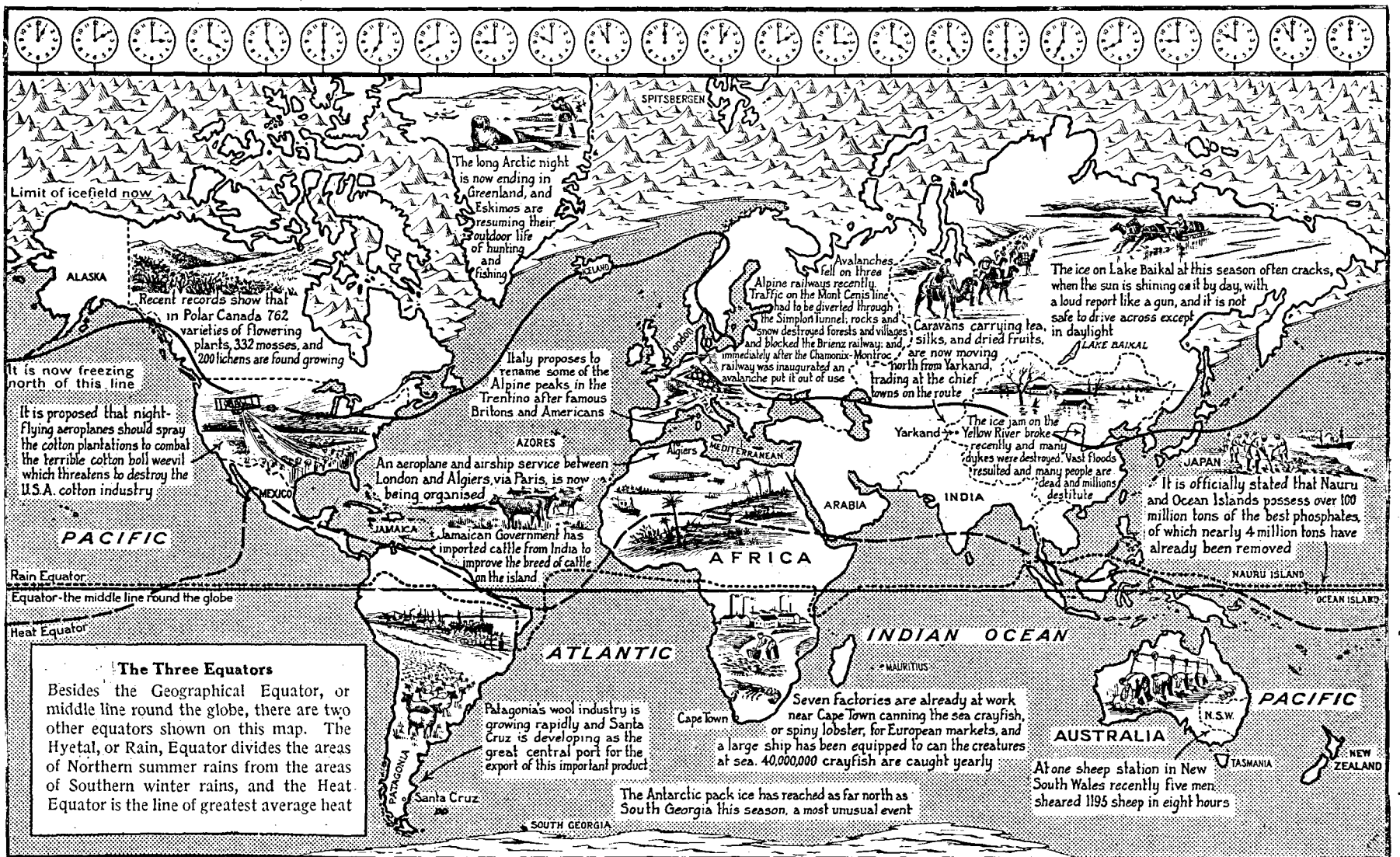
After this journey to London, the first long journey in his life, Buxton went back to his native village, and spent his life there.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Love's Martyr, a 1601 book	£3100
Chaucer's Love and Complaints	£1250
A 16th-century French tapestry	£1000
Drayton's Heavenly Harmonie	£620
Scottish pistol of 1615	£500
First English treatise on farming, 1523	£320
Gubbio majolica plate, 1544	£190
A working horse	£2
A small 16th-century volume found sixty years ago in a loft	has been sold for £3600.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP OF THE WORLD SHOWING THREE EQUATORS



VILLAGE PLAY The Kinema Not to Spoil It

In an age when many people think there is nothing that cannot be bought if enough money be offered for it, the refusal of the Oberammergau Passion Players to let an American firm take a film of their famous play gives a lift to one's spirits and one's confidence in human nature.

Oberammergau, which is known now all over the world, is a small village among the highlands of Bavaria. In 1633 plague raged there—the same plague which came later to London. The inhabitants assembled in the church and made a vow that if the plague ceased they would perform every ten years a mystery play illustrating the Life and Death of Christ. Ever since then they have kept their vow, with only two breaks.

In 1870, during the Franco-German War, they did not give it, and in 1920 it could not be performed because of the unfriendly feeling toward Germany. But this year it will be performed on a number of Sundays between May and September. It is this performance that the American firm wanted to produce as a film.

The village people are still almost as simple and devout as they were in the 17th century. They insist upon their play being regarded as a religious ceremony, and will not allow it to be treated as an ordinary entertainment.

This year the cost of producing it will be ten times what it was in 1910, when the last performances were given; and if there should still be enough resentment against the German people to prevent people from flocking to Oberammergau from Britain and America they will lose heavily.

Last Month's Weather

LONDON	RAINFALL
Hours of sun . . . 28'1	London . . . ins. 2'81
Hours of rain . . . 70'7	Torquay . . . ins. 4'58
Wet days . . . 20	Newcastle . . . ins. 2'94
Dry days . . . 11	Fort William . . . ins. 5'46
Warmest day . . . 2nd	Dublin . . . ins. 2'28
Coldest day . . . 18th	

WHY IS THE EARTH A MAGNET?

Remarkable New Theory

By a Scientific Expert

Fresh discoveries about the infinitely tiny particles of electricity of which everything in the world is composed are being made today with astonishing swiftness.

We know, thanks to the work of men like Sir Ernest Rutherford and Sir J. J. Thomson, that every atom consists of a centre of positive electricity, round which particles of negative electricity are racing along in ellipse-shaped orbits with tremendous speed.

It now seems that electrons move in a spiral-shaped path, which is ever becoming smaller, and in doing so they create a magnetic field. The electron is, in fact, looked upon as a tiny electric magnet with the smallest conceivable amount of magnetism, and it is proposed to call it a "magneton." The world's magnetons revolve in the same direction as the world itself, from west to east, or in the same direction as the hands of a clock.

This new theory, which has been very largely proved correct in the laboratories of some distinguished physicists, explains the cause of the earth being a magnet; it is due to the intense heat in the centre of the earth.

Probably all magnetism, the mysterious power of magnets to attract or lift heavy weights, will soon be found to be due to the electrons, and it will be possible to measure the lifting power of a magnet in terms of electricity.

A TREMENDOUS SWIM

From a Fijian boat capsized by a squall five men were drowned, but a woman, accustomed to swim from childhood, reached the shore after swimming for 13 hours. When she reached the coral reef her hair caught in its projections, but she dragged herself to safety.

WORLD'S BIGGEST TANK STEAMER

Wonderful Cargo of Oil

The biggest tank steamer in the world is just being completed in the United States, and will soon be carrying crude petroleum oil across the Atlantic.

The ship is 555 feet long and 75 feet wide, and can hold 130,000 barrels of oil, or five and a half million gallons.

When all its tanks are full it can steam at a speed of over twelve miles an hour.

This ship has cost nearly a million pounds to build and equip, and a sister vessel of similar size and capacity is also to be constructed.

As the United States produces about 16,000 million gallons of mineral oil every year, and exports to other countries nearly 3000 million gallons of this vast quantity, it needs some big ships to carry the oil across the seas, and these two vessels form part of the greatest fleet of oil tankers in the world.

MENDELSSOHN

The English Woods He Loved

A correspondent sends us an interesting tradition of Mendelssohn's life in the country when he was staying in England in the neighbourhood of Burnham Beeches in Buckinghamshire, where he visited his friend Grote, the historian.

There is a wooded slope of that beautiful district called Mendelssohn's Slope, and it is said that whenever he wandered thereabouts in the forest he always lost his way and had to be guided back by the woodman.

Our correspondent cherishes the idea that the beauty of the place may have inspired some of his music.

Pronunciations in this Paper

Cronje	Krohn-ye
Dordogne	Dor-dohn
Montaigne	Mon-tain
Murren	Moer-ren
Oberammergau	O-ber-am-er-gow
Paardeburg	Par-de-burg
Plebiscite	Pleb-e-sit
Soissons	Swah-son

PHONOGRAPH ACTS AS POLICEMAN

Mystery Dogs in the Orchard

In America the old-fashioned scarecrow to frighten off bird-thieves has been superseded by the talking-machine to scare human robbers.

Fruit farmers in various parts of the United States are greatly annoyed by motor parties that pull up in the roads near the plantations and then raid the orchards for fruit. The amount of fruit stolen in this way is considerable, but of more importance is the damage done to the plants and trees.

One farmer had the ingenious idea of using an old phonograph to frighten off the raiders. He rigged up the machine inside a disused beehive and had a record made of fierce barking of dogs.

Then he connected the machine by an electric wire with his house, which was some distance from the road but within sight of it. A storage battery supplied the current, and as soon as a motor car was seen to stop and the occupants alight in the road, a switch was turned on, the hidden phonograph was set in motion, and the raiders were alarmed to hear a couple of dogs somewhere in the orchard barking fiercely.

This clever device has proved highly successful, and other sufferers from the motor thieves intend to copy the idea.

HORSE FALLS THROUGH THE ROAD

Queer Happening

Leamington has experienced two startling examples of the ravages of rats. In the first place, a water main burst, and a horse and cart were flung into a huge hole caused by the collapse of the road. It is assumed that rats gnawed through the water pipes.

At another spot an extensive area of road fell in, and it was found that a large colony of rats had been living just under the surface, which was all hollow.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FEBRUARY 25 1922

The One-Note Man

THERE was a jolly set of pictures in Punch not long ago; they told the story of a day in the life of a player in an orchestra, who had only one note to play.

All through the early part of the day we saw him preparing for the great moment, and moving toward it. Then it came; for one moment he was needed; and the conductor looked his way. His part in the scheme of human life was to contribute one note!

How much we owe to that One-Note Man! It is not only in music that we find him.

Are we not all of us one-note men or one-note women? Our life is a long day, leading up to one great thing that we are meant to do. We are preparing for it moment after moment, and it comes suddenly. We may miss it or take it; but the chance does not come back.

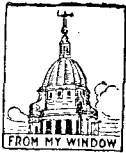
When we enter into the rich treasures of Robert Browning we find that he was always thinking of the one great moment which comes in life. It may find us with our lamp lit and ready, or it may find us sleeping; but our action gives the character to our life.

All prophets and apostles have taught us to make ready for the opportunity which might come like a thief in the night. All the wisdom of all the ages tells us to live as those who sail with sealed orders to some royal moment when we shall find the true meaning of all our days.

This means for us, who have a life to give, that we must look upon the time of training as a preparation for our one great hour. We may not see how it is to come in, but when that time comes we shall need all that we have gained. Nothing will be entirely lost. "If I had only saved my youth," said a great Frenchman in the days of the Revolution, "I might have saved France." The one moment for which he was made came, and he was not ready with the gift which he alone could give.

In the really decisive hours nothing counts so much as the character shaped and hardened through all the uneventful days that went before.

Life has many hours and days when nothing seems to happen. There are tasks to do, and things to learn, which seem of no use to anybody; and we want to hurry on to the Big Thing. We want our note to come in soon, and often. But this is not the right way of looking at our life. We shall have our chance some time, somewhere. The great thing is to make ready for our entrance in that moment when the Great Conductor looks our way, and the fullness of the music depends upon our note.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the
cradle of the Journalism of the world



Every Man His Own Clock

A PROFESSOR in a French university has been saying an odd thing.

Suppose yourself in an aeroplane. You go up into the air at dawn and fly due west. The aeroplane is the fastest in the world. It can circle the Earth in twenty-four hours. For ten years you make that great circle, the Sun shining all the time, no night descending, no stars appearing.

How old would you be at the end of that journey?

According to the French professor you would be ten years older: for time is measured by our bodies as well as by our clocks. He disputes the Einstein theory that there is no such thing as absolute Time, or that time is simply made by the Earth's movement round the Sun. Things are born, reach maturity, decline, and die, and this would continue if the Earth were stationary.

Listen to the beating of your heart. It is the tick of time.



The Great Money Puzzle

America has too much of the world's gold, and other nations have too little. The great problem for all nations is to restore money value and end the financial chaos of the world.

Lest We Forget

ARE men and boys forgetting to raise their hats when they pass the Cenotaph? We have several letters to say they are.

If it is true it is a thousand pities. To grow careless of this habit of respect, to forget this tribute of thankfulness, would not hurt the mighty dead for whom the Cenotaph stands; they have passed beyond our censure and our praise; our gratitude cannot warm them, nor our neglect displease them. But such neglect would hurt us. It hurts us always not to pay a debt. It hurts us always to scorn an honourable feeling. It hurts us always to be untrue to that promise we made to ourselves and to our dead *not to forget*.

Every time we raise our hats at the Cenotaph we can say: "They died that I might live," and we can add that, as far as in us lies, it shall never be again.

Hats off, please, at the Cenotaph.

No Change

WAS that not a good idea of the Governor of Michigan?

In the town of Detroit two hundred prominent business men began their lives by selling newspapers in the streets, and the Governor of the State has lately led them to the streets again to sell papers as in other days. For an hour or two these rich men were poor boys again, selling papers as of old, but with this difference—that this time they gave no change.

They kept the change for charity, and turned the money into human happiness—the only thing for which money is worth having.

Tip-Cat

CHILDREN love dressing up, writes a correspondent. What they dislike is a dressing down.

THE telephone has been described as only a half-invented thing. We pay for ours only by the quarter.

THE Gloomy Dean has taken to writing limericks. We hope they will make us laugh.

MR. ROBERT LEIGHTON has written in London a Book About the Dog.

What a pity he could not write it in Berks.

No wonder hens get discouraged. They can never find things where they lay them.

WHY not take the poison gas out of peace as well as war?

THE best way to get rid of your duties is to discharge them.

SOMEBODY reminds us of an old bridge on which is written: "Anyone damaging this bridge will be transported." But is it not the business of a bridge to transport people?

As Long as Life Shall Last

A WISE man has lately made an interesting remark. He says that there are probably more people over thirty years of age teaching than learning.

If it is so it is a strange and terrible thing. He who has lost the power to learn has lost the joy of life.

And yet how many millions live on as if learning stopped at the school door! That life is at an end which does not grow and learn; it has nothing to give to the world. It is a pauper living on the learning of the past and the charity of the present.

The greatest thing we can bring away from school is the desire to learn as long as life shall last.



PETER PUCK WANTS TO KNOW

Who fixed the rockers on the cradle of the deep

My Bookshelf

By the Author of The Street that Ran Away

IF I could have a frigate
And sail the stormy sea,
I'd round the Horn and cross the line

And sail to Ta-hi-ti;
I'd hunt the whale and walrus—
But since this cannot be,
O thank you, Captain Marryat,
Who did those things for me!

I'd love to ride a charger
Far-famed in every shire,
Who'd swim the flood, and climb the rock

With hooves that sparkled fire;
I'd love to serve Prince Charlie—
But since this cannot be,
O thank you, good Sir Walter Scott,
Who did those things for me!

I'd like to see Titania
Hold revel in the dew;
To hunt with gallant Rosalind,
To fly where Ariel flew;
I'd like to know King Harry—
But since this cannot be,
O thank you, William Shakespeare, sir,
Who did these things for me!

Pride

By Our Country Girl

WE were in a house where poverty and gentility were fighting hammer and tongs. On the whole poverty was getting the upper hand; still, in spite of peeling wallpaper and worn-out chair, good taste and self-respect managed to assert their existence.

"Do you like that picture?" asked our hostess, seeing me gazing at the oil painting of a horse. "He cost our family dear! Just before the great Lord X went out of office he said to my father: 'Now, John, while I'm still in power, what can I do for you?' Instead of asking for a sinecure for himself or an appointment for his sons, my father replied: 'That's very good of you, X; please let my hunter run in your park till he dies.'"

One cannot help admiring the spirit of that poor gentleman and sportsman who was too proud to ask a favour for anyone but his horse.

Our hostess laughed, saying, "It was rather wrong and very foolish, you know; Lord X could have done so much for the boys."

However, this tenderness for their dumb dependants seems to be a family failing. While our hostess often denies herself a fire, warm clothes, and, I suspect, butter with her bread, her little dog is as sleek as any in the neighbourhood.

A Prayer for Those Who Write

O God, may it please Thee to help all writers of books and newspapers, and all who mould the thoughts and opinions of men, that they may be lovers of that which is pure and good, and use their powers in the cause of truth and righteousness; and give to us all the spirit of humility, unity, and faith, for Jesus Christ's sake.

THE NEW POPE HISTORIC APPEARANCE BEFORE THE PEOPLE

Will the Days of the Seclusion of the Vatican be Ended?

SPEAKING 27 LANGUAGES

The election of Cardinal Ratti, Archbishop of Milan, as Pope has been watched by all the world with great interest because it seems likely to mark a turning point in the state of public feeling between the Pope and the kingdom of Italy.

The name taken by the new Pope is Pius XI. It was Pius IX who, in 1870, shut himself up in the Papal palace, the Vatican in Rome, and declined to acknowledge the King of Italy as ruler in Rome, the capital of United Italy. Since that time no Pope had appeared in public outside the Vatican.

But in recent years it has seemed as if the isolation of the Pope were giving way before the plain facts of modern history, and the question in all minds was whether the new Pope would be in favour of taking his place more openly in the world.

A Difficult Question

The difficulty arose in this way. During long periods the Popes were not only spiritual rulers but also temporal kings. But by the middle of the last century their only power as rulers, apart from religion, was in and around Rome, and the general feeling of the Italians was that the Roman State should belong to the kingdom of Italy in secular matters, like the rest of the peninsula. However, Napoleon III, the last French emperor, upheld the Pope by force as ruler in Rome.

But when France was at war with Germany in 1870, the Italian army entered the city, and Rome became the Italian capital.

The Italian Government took a vote of the people of Rome as to whether the King or the Pope should be the secular head of the city, and the choice was for the King by an enormous majority.

Court of the Vatican

The King's Government was willing to leave the Pope absolute master of his palace and grounds, as if he were there as monarch, and they agreed to pay very substantial sums annually into his treasury; but Pius IX refused to acknowledge his loss of temporal power and would not accept the money. He felt that acceptance would be a token of surrender.

And so it has remained for over 51 years. The Pope has kept within the Vatican the appearance of a court, and has been recognised by foreign countries as if he were a king; but he has declined to enter the city which once was the centre of his earthly power. Will the election of a new Pope bring this deadlock nearer to its end? That is the question which Italians and others have lately been asking.

The Blessing from the Balcony

As the ballot-papers of each voting were burned the smoke from the chimney was black if a choice had not been made. White smoke was the sign that a new Pope had been chosen.

And when the white smoke ascended, and the crowd gathered under the balcony of the Vatican, the new Pope came out on the balcony before the Roman public, and there gave them and the city his benediction, as no other Pope had done for over 50 years.

Pope Pius XI, who is a great linguist and is said to speak 27 languages, has been a most enthusiastic mountaineer in his time. He has climbed the Matterhorn, Mont Blanc, and several other famous Alpine peaks, and was once snowed up for 36 hours in a hut near the top of Monte Rosa. Years ago he visited England.

Portrait on page 12

A MONKEY HITS BACK

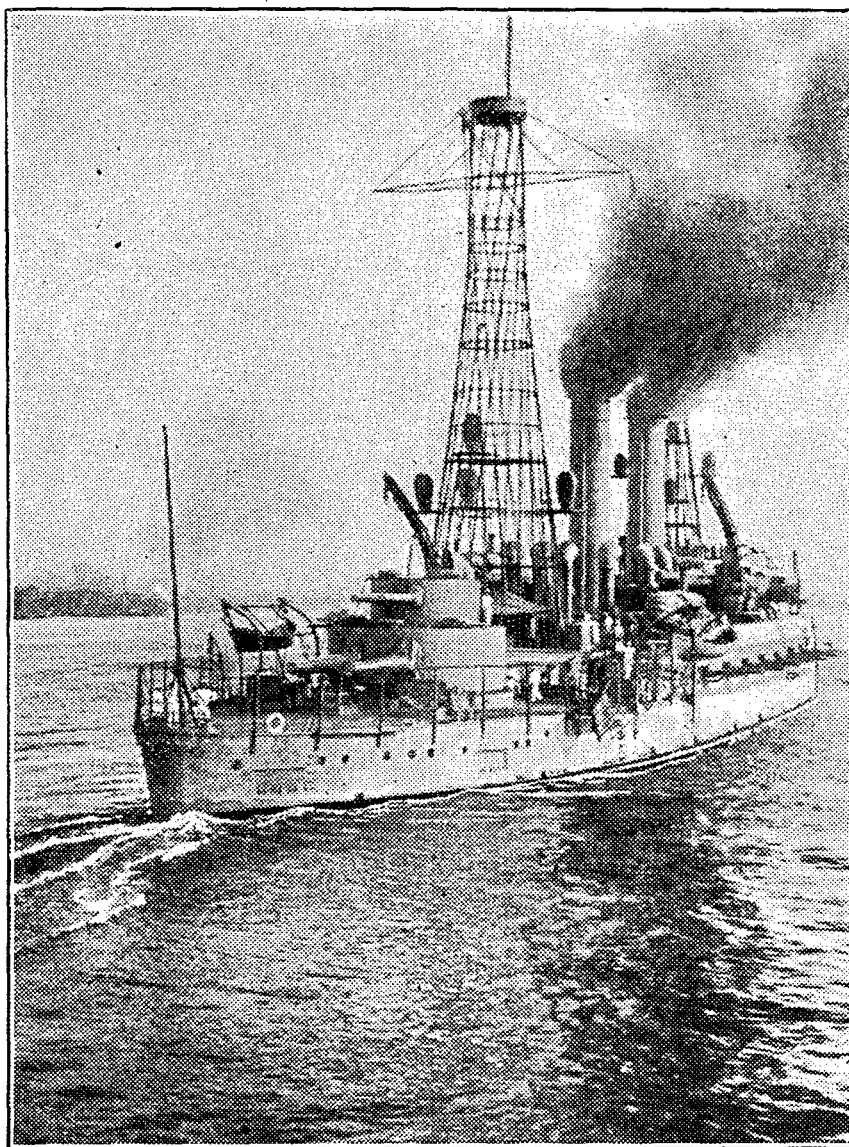
SOME points from a letter by a South African reader are freshly interesting. There are, for instance, two views of the usefulness of monkeys. In the North-Eastern Transvaal, where semi-tropical fruits are grown, they do much damage by theft, and are chased away. But those who chase them do not always get the best of the encounter.

Thus, at Tzaneen, a farmer with his dog chased a monkey into a tree, and the farmer tried to pelt it out of its place of refuge with stones. Whereupon the monkey plucked branches off the trees and threw them in return, with good aim, so that it was the man who was compelled to retire, hit on the head.

In other parts of South Africa, as in the neighbourhood of Graaff Reinet, the baboons have done splendid work in clearing away locusts that infested the district. With both hands they have fed on the swarms of locusts, to the great advantage of the country, as the big locust-devouring birds have recently been few in number.

Referring to the influence of the C.N. in strengthening the spirit that seeks to preserve animal and bird life, our correspondent says that this spirit is especially needed in the colonies, where birds are rare, and therefore the more welcome, as they "relieve the tedium of vast, bare, and uninteresting spaces."

BOUND FOR THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA



The battleship Kentucky, which the Americans propose to sink at sea with all its colours flying as a symbol of the Great Pacific Peace arranged at Washington. See page 2

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

A set of chessmen has been made at Dawson City, Yukon, from the ivory of a mastodon's tusks.

Over 500 million National Savings Certificates have now been sold. The first was sold in February 1916.

Golden Beetles on Show

Two live golden beetles from India have been on show in London. When seen on a rock they have been mistaken for a vein of gold.

The Influenza Plague

It has been reckoned that over 15,000 people who sat down to their Christmas dinners in England and Wales have since died from influenza.

Lynch Law in America

A Bill before the American Parliament proposes to inflict fines on individuals and communities who take part in lynchings or allow them.

A New Use for Wireless

By the use of wireless the exact position of the line of longitude 129 E. has been fixed between Western and South Australia. This is made possible by precise time-signalling.

New Zealand is reducing the salaries of its public officials by seven to ten per cent.

Australia has made £1,600,000 profit out of the Commonwealth line of steamers during the last five years.

The Illuminant

"We are not greatly attracted by the pleas for a brighter London," says the Times, "if the chief illuminant is to be alcohol."

380,000 People at St. Peter's

Eighty thousand people were inside St. Peter's in Rome during the new Pope's coronation, and 300,000 thronged the square outside.

Snow Brickettes

Thomas Edison has just invented a machine that in winter will pass down the streets, squeeze snow into blocks like bricks, and stack these beside the road.

A Telephone per Family

Toronto has more telephones in proportion to its population than any other city in the Empire. There are 100,000, or one to every five persons, men, women, and children.

FARTHEST-NORTH HOSPITAL

ONE DOCTOR FOR 60,000 SQUARE MILES

Keeping Out Seventy Degrees of Frost

FACING THE NORTH POLE

The most northerly hospital in the world has recently been completed. It stands at Point Barrow, in Alaska, on the very top of America, directly facing the North Pole, and, with the possible exception of an Eskimo hut or two, is the farthest-north building on the American continent. The patients will find the Children's Newspaper there.

The hospital has taken over a year to build; it cost £7000, and the expense of running it will be over £3000 a year. Although Point Barrow has a population of only nine white people, including the doctor and nurse in charge of the hospital, and about 450 Eskimos, the hospital is really to serve an area of 60,000 square miles—10,000 miles larger than all England and Wales.

Trophy of Civilisation

Later it is hoped to send an assistant, or perhaps two, to help the doctor and nurse, and there is also to be a house-keeper and a porter. The building and equipment of this hospital are a triumph of enterprise and a trophy of advanced civilisation. The materials were sent from the United States to Nome by steamship, and thence on small schooners to Point Barrow. The journey had to be made during the short summer, but even then the weather was treacherous.

Fierce storms assailed the small schooners, which became separated in a gale, and one was carried to the Siberian coast and damaged before it eventually reached its destination. The ships were to carry also 200 tons of coal for the use of the workers during the first year, but only 55 tons could be delivered, and the shortage of 145 tons led to considerable hardship.

Astonishing the Eskimos

The building materials arrived at the beginning of September, 1920, and the workers were able to erect the framework of the building and get it covered up before the winter snows fell. Then they worked upon the interior structure.

On September 6 the foundations were begun, and six days later the big chimney was started. But when this had reached a height of 30 feet a very severe frost set in, and, in order that work might continue, a great bonfire was lighted and kept burning round the mortar, which was used steaming hot. The thermometer often registers 70 degrees of frost in this country.

Steadily the work progressed, to the astonishment of the Eskimos, who had never dreamed of anything so vast and stately. The hospital is built of wood and wood-pulp board. The main building is 70 feet long and 38 feet wide, and the basement rests upon ice. In the basement are two hot-air furnaces and an electric-light plant.

Watching the Chimney Rise

If the Eskimos were astonished at the main building, they were amazed to see the tall chimney go up, and when the electric light shone out for the first time they were struck dumb with fear. Very soon, however, their terror passed, and now their chief delight is to handle the switches and turn the light on.

The hospital is equipped with twelve beds, but it has accommodation for seventy. The nearest settlements to Point Barrow are one 300 miles to the south, and another 400 miles to the east, so there will be little society for the doctor and nurse.

Who could withhold a tribute of praise from the little white staff who will labour in this lonely and inhospitable place to relieve the sufferings of a handful of natives scattered over a vast area of 60,000 square miles?

THE GRAND JURY IS IT WORTH WHILE?

Survival of the Ancient Days of
Tyranny

GREAT EXPENDITURE OF TIME AND MONEY

Among the sensible reforms "for the duration of the war" was the temporary abolition of the grand jury.

The Act of Parliament under which the suspension of this institution was effected has lapsed, and now, in spite of protests from all parts of the country, from professional men and business men, from many lawyers and occupants of the Bench, the system is being revived.

The grand jury is, of course, a survival of days when our people needed some such body to protect them against malicious prosecution by spiteful or evil-minded persons in high position; but our liberties are now so well assured by the thousand and one ordinances upon which our Constitution is based that there is little need for it.

Ordeal for an Innocent Man

Defenders of the system tell us that the grand jury may prevent an innocent man from being placed in the dock.

But grand juries do nothing of the sort. The person who comes before a grand jury has already undergone preliminary trial in a police-court, perhaps at half-a-dozen hearings; he has had his case considered in public by magistrates, many of whom are barristers; he has been prosecuted by one solicitor, probably defended by another. The lower court has decided that the evidence against him is such that his case should be tried by a common jury at sessions or assize. The grand jury cannot spare even an innocent man that ordeal.

When the defendant or prisoner has borne all that, the evidence against him is laid before a grand jury, which decides, in private, whether his case should be finally tried in public before an ordinary petty jury.

It can simply return a true bill—which means that there seems a case to be answered in open court; or it can cut the bill—which means that the prisoner is set free without his trial finally taking place in the presence of judge and petty jury.

In these days the thing is little more than a survival of an ancient custom, involving an enormous waste of public money and of valuable time.

Without Fear or Favour

If a man cannot be spared the ignominy of appearing a dozen times in a police-court on a charge upon which a common jury may eventually acquit him, then the grand jury does not help him greatly in dismissing his case at the last hearing but one. It is probably better for him, then, that he should come into open court and have his name publicly cleared.

It can hardly be desirable that charges should be brought before grand juries in private; we want everything open and above-board. That is what the people of this country have been striving for for a thousand years. A fair trial without fear or favour before a common jury in open court is the foundation of British liberty.

WAR TANKS AS STREET CARS

Workmen in the great war works at Kiel are busy today turning all kinds of tanks and armoured cars into trams, and a large number of these tank-trams, driven by petrol engines, are now running along the streets of cities and towns in Germany.

China and Her Many Problems TROUBLES OF A VAST EMPIRE

The Great Settlement of Washington and
a Question for the League of Nations
TWO REPUBLICS WITH HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS OF PEOPLE

BY OUR POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT

From China we are constantly receiving grave letters, written by serious-minded men who have the welfare of China deeply at heart and know the country well. All of them see difficult Chinese problems which the Western world should understand.

One subject on which our letters touch is the political aspect of China, its relations with the rest of the world, but more particularly with Japan. That matter has been discussed with great advantage at the Washington Conference, and seems to have been most happily settled to the satisfaction of both countries.

Country too Big to Know

It appears to be extremely difficult for any single man to know the whole truth concerning China, and the news of this vast country contradicts itself from week to week. Perhaps one reason is that in so huge a country events which cause a stir in one part are almost unknown in another. The new written alphabet, for example, of which we gave an account some time ago, appears to be successful in certain provinces and almost unrealised in others, in spite of the efforts the Central Government is making to spread its usefulness.

The fact is that the American people before the Washington Conference felt a deep distrust of what Japan is doing in China and on the Asiatic coast of the Pacific generally. They realised that Japan, having become a powerful island empire, with America and Australia as her nearest neighbours across the ocean, is greatly extending her influence throughout a densely-populated part of Eastern Asia, and they wanted to see clearly what it all means. The Conference has come to an understanding which is perfectly satisfactory.

One of the problems of China on which we receive letters from Far Eastern readers of the C.N. is what they call "the complete breakdown of the Chinese pledges on the opium question."

Problem of Opium

The British Government has taken steps to stop the export of opium from British possessions into China, a course of action for which China professed to be grateful; but now there appears to be strong evidence that China, contrary to her promise, is herself engaging largely in the production of opium. Nay, in the provinces the less scrupulous governors are allowing, or even promoting, the production of opium, and are taking profits from the producers for themselves.

The time has come when the whole world will have to face the problem of the production of dangerous drugs, for it is a serious menace to all mankind. The subject has been referred to the League of Nations, and among the many beneficent but difficult tasks that the League has to grapple with this task of inducing all States to deal honestly with all other States in conquering this evil thing is one of the most vital. The unrestricted production of deadly drugs cannot be allowed, and it is from China that the evil chiefly spreads.

Support for the League of Nations

Consider one great fact. It is stated that seven tons of opium would provide, in abundance, all the morphia and opium that can possibly be needed for medical purposes in the whole American continent, North and South; and, of course, far less would be necessary for Great Britain. Yet, in 1919, the United States alone imported 250 tons of opium, and Great Britain imported 372 tons.

What is quite clear is that each nation must purify itself of this insidious

danger of drugs, support firmly whatever action the League of Nations may take, and resolutely insist that China, the chief centre of the infection, shall be cleansed honestly and thoroughly.

Another question on which we receive letters is the internal government of China. Under her present rulers the Government seems as bad as bad can be. Each province is really governed by a general in command of an army. The soldiers are not paid by the Central Government, they exist on local taxation, and their leader is enriched either by taxes or by pillage. The conditions vary in different provinces in accordance with the character of its governor; but there is wide-spread insecurity, extending to Europeans, who rarely know what a day may bring forth.

Land of Patient Workers

Look what China is. It is inhabited by about 325,000,000 people, or more than three times as many as live in the United States, and almost three times as many as live in the British Empire, if we leave out India, which is nearly as populous as China.

These Chinese are an extraordinarily industrious, patient, and generally honest race. But they are so divided among themselves that they have no common feeling throughout their big country of what is due to it as a whole. They have not the patriotism that will make them act as a united nation.

China passes as a Republic, but really there are two Republics, with two Presidents, one in the North and one in the South; and the division is much worse than that, for the country is divided into a number of provinces, and each province is more interested in itself than in China as a whole.

A Disunited Country

Before China was a Republic it was governed in name by an emperor, but really by twelve viceroys, or governors, and to the people in each province it was the viceroy who seemed to matter. He it was who either governed well or badly. Now each of these areas is under a military governor, or Tutuh, as he is called, and these men, some good and some bad, have their own ambitions and aims. Often they or their rivals engage in local wars, so that China as a whole is disunited and weak, and cannot speak with a really national voice either to Japan or to the world.

Spirit of Progress

Yet, though this state of things looks very sad and almost hopeless, there is no country in the world where the spirit of progress is more active. Part of the confusion in China is caused by the very fact that good desires and honest thinking are working more and more vigorously in this vast empire, and are beginning to leaven the mass of ignorance, prejudice, and superstition.

Large numbers of the Chinese are eagerly seeking truth and knowledge, and are following a fine ideal of what they and their country should be. Genuine Christianity is spreading rapidly. Education of the best kind is being appreciated. Hampering customs are being forsaken. The soul of the race is finding a larger and purer liberty.

What China wants from her rulers is honest government; what she wants from the world is time and fair treatment. We rejoice to believe that the Washington Conference has secured for her the goodwill of other nations; we may hope the Chinese people will find good rulers who will lead the nation to prosperity and power.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY FOUNDER OF METHODISM

John Wesley's Work for the
World

MAN WHO WAS NEVER TIRED

Feb. 26. Napoleon escaped from Elba . . . 1815
27. Cronje surrendered at Paardeburg . . . 1900
28. Montaigne born in Dordogne . . . 1533
March 1. Sir Samuel Romilly born in London 1757
2. John Wesley died in London . . . 1791
3. Emancipation of the Serfs in Russia . . . 1861
4. Abraham Lincoln became President . . . 1861

John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, died in London on March 2, 1791, in his eighty-eighth year.

There are now over 8,000,000 members of the various Methodist Churches in English-speaking countries, but the



John Wesley

great and devout man who started this mighty movement was a clergyman of the Church of England, and began his work inside the Church.

He was born at Epworth, Lincolnshire, where his father was the clergyman. Three brothers,

Samuel, Charles, and John, followed in their father's footsteps to Oxford and into the Church, Samuel and Charles from Westminster School, and John from Charterhouse.

It was a time when religion had become formal and almost dead in England and an earnest Christianity was regarded as odd and rather vulgar. But John and Charles Wesley at Oxford were deeply in earnest, and because they made their devotions a constant duty they were nicknamed, with other students who joined them, Methodists.

Really it was not a bad name, for, as he proved later, John Wesley was naturally a man of method and a born organiser.

Wesley Goes to America

John distinguished himself at Oxford, and became a Fellow and Tutor. When, however, he began to preach a very personal religion he found his spirit generally unwelcome in his Church. Presently he and his brother Charles went as missionaries to Georgia, but still they were not in their right sphere.

When they returned John was deeply impressed by visits to Moravian services, and, consecrating himself afresh to preaching, became associated with George Whitefield, another Oxford man who was holding open-air meetings. Wesley followed Whitefield's example, and after at first making London and Bristol his two chief centres, extended his preaching by journeying on horseback to all parts of the British Islands.

His labours were amazing. He would almost seem never to have been tired. Often rising at four o'clock in the morning, he rode sixty miles in a day, and preached at six or eight places. At first he was received with rudeness, and was in great danger, but he was a brave man of impressive personality, and thousands, sometimes tens of thousands, thronged to hear him.

Organising a Church

From the beginning of his work he began to organise his followers into a religious community, using all of them as workers in some way; and as he gathered a body of preachers, some of whom he ordained and some who were homely lay preachers, he wrote many books to instruct and assist them. The sale of his books would have made him rich, but he gave all the profits away.

His brother Charles, who was associated with him in this great work of religious revival, wrote thousands of the hymns used in the services, many of them being still in our hymn books.

John Wesley's mission to the masses made an epoch in the religious life of Great Britain, not only by the establishment of Methodism, but by its stimulating effect on nearly all religious bodies.

EAGLES ON THE INCREASE

Monarch of the Air in Scotland

STATELIEST OF ALL BRITISH BIRDS

By Our Country Correspondent

Mr. Seton Gordon stated the other day that the golden eagle was holding its own in Scotland and had actually increased since the war.

The news that the golden eagle is on the increase in Scotland will be received with mixed feelings. Nature lovers will, of course, be glad to learn that this stately bird, that at one time seemed likely to become extinct, is now found in greater numbers; but, as it takes toll of young lambs as well as feeding on hares, rabbits, grouse, and other birds, the shepherds of the Highlands will scarcely be pleased. The eagle even attacks fawns, ewes, and stags.

This is undoubtedly the noblest of all our British birds, and, though it now nests only in the Highlands and western islands of Scotland, it was at one time quite a common breeding bird in various parts of England and Wales. At the present time, however, it is rarely seen in England.

It is a fine spectacle on the wing, and is equally stately when at rest. There is no question whatever that of all British birds this is king. Tennyson well describes the golden eagle's habits in the lines:

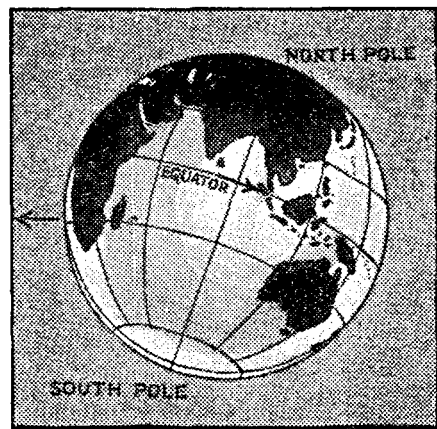
He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

The golden eagle's general colour is dark brown, and the legs are feathered to the toes; the female bird is rather larger than the male. The eagle's shrill cry is something like a dog's bark.

This fine bird's nest is built of sticks high up on some inaccessible mountain crag, and occasionally in a lofty and lonely tree-top. It is lined with tufts of grass. The eggs are generally two in number, though sometimes there are three, and they are bluish-white, spotted and clouded with reddish-brown and purplish-grey.

THE EARTH SEEN FROM THE SUN



The earth at 6 a.m. on any day in February as it would be seen through a telescope from the sun. The lines of latitude and longitude are put in to show the tilt. The arrows show the way the earth is travelling and rotating.

Newspaper Notes and Queries

What does F.L.S. mean? Fellow of the Linnean Society.

What is Zeitgeist? This is a German word meaning the Spirit of the Age.

What is a Winter Count? A pictorial record of the year painted on a hide during winter by Red Indians.

What is the meaning of Area for Plebiscite? This is the district within which a vote is being taken of the inhabitants on some important question, such as to which State they wish to belong.

TURNING A RIVER

Blowing Up Eight Million Pounds of Rock

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT

American engineers have just carried out what is probably the biggest explosion of its kind on record.

They have blown up with one blast of powder and dynamite a great mass of rock estimated to weigh eight million pounds, and in doing so have changed the course of a river.

Last year, during a series of disastrous floods, the Arkansas River near Pueblo scoured out for itself a new channel, with the result that the many irrigation areas served by the river fell short of water because their channels were cut off from the main course of the river under the new conditions.

It was therefore decided to turn back the river by damming up the new course so that the water could not pass that way, and in order to do this it was arranged to have a huge explosion where an overhanging rock could be hurled into the new river channel to form a barrier.

The rock was sandstone in its lower part, and limestone and shale higher up, and if this could be blown into fragments and piled up across the river the water would be cut off and turned back to its old course.

For this great task 5000 pounds of black blasting powder were prepared and mixed with a quantity of dynamite to ensure greater splitting power. A six-foot channel was driven for 35 feet into the cliff, and inside the charge of powder was placed. Then, when all the arrangements were complete, the powder was fired.

A tremendous report was the result, and the rock was torn from its base and hurled into the air. Then it fell, crushed into fragments, right across the channel of the river, forming an irresistible barrier, and the water was thrown back into its old channel.

One blast of powder and dynamite had done in a moment or two what hundreds of men working for months could not have accomplished.

UNKNOWN KENT

Book that Makes it Known

Surely there is not in all the world a piece of earth more packed with interest than Kent.

It yields the traveller an endless series of surprises; it gives him peeps of Nature at her loveliest and best; it gives him impressive examples of the glorious things that men have done.

Whether you want rivers or valleys, hills or dales, churches or towers, country lanes or rambling streets, jolly little cottages or great mansions, you will find them in Kent.

But nobody can tell you where all of them are, and so we welcome warmly a book by Donald Maxwell, who knows well this wonderland of Kent, and in a book called *Unknown Kent* (John Lane, 12s. 6d.) has told us, in short chapters and jolly pictures, a hundred things about Kent that we are glad to know.

Mr. Maxwell does not tell us very much of anything, but he has all the value of a guide who stirs within us a desire to see a good thing, and then becomes a guidepost showing us the way.

HOW BIG IS A HIDE?

A Clever Invention

Hides of leather vary in size, yet they are sold according to area, so much being charged for each square foot.

Hundreds of thousands of hides have to be dealt with, and this has led to an invention by which the size of a hide is measured while it is being passed through a machine. A number of mechanical fingers press on the hide while it is passing through the machine and measure up the exact area, even allowing for uneven edges and holes in the skin. The exact size is shown on a clock dial fixed to the machine.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card.

What is the Fly Mushroom?

It is a common fungus of poisonous properties, and liquid in which it has been soaked is said to kill flies.

What Are Ruffs and Reeves?

The ruff is the male and the reeve is the female of the sandpiper, known to science as *Savoncella pugnax*.

Has Any Turtle Teeth?

Like the tortoises, turtles have no teeth, but horny jaws with such a sharp-cutting edge that they can bite off a man's fingers.

Why Does Clover Have Four, Five, and Six Leaves?

True clover has only three leaves; the example mentioned by our correspondent is evidently a freak.

What is the Bald-Headed Eagle?

The national emblem of the United States is described as bald, but in reality its head is covered with feathers as white as those of its tail.

How Many Species of Plants are There?

Botanists already know over 200,000 species, and every new exploration adds to the number. More than half the total is made up of flowering plants.

What Does a Spider Feed on in Winter?

Some that the writer has under observation are doing very well on "nothing a week." They are apparently undergoing a complete fast, yet they are active and well.

What are Trade Diseases?

Ailments arising in workers who use such substances as arsenic compounds, lead, phosphorus, mercury, and so on, or from excessive use of a limited number of muscles—writer's cramp, for example.

Are Warm-Blooded Animals All of the Same Temperature?

No; the temperature of mammals varies. Man's normal is 98.4 degrees, an ape's 104; the donkey is lowest in the scale with 98 degrees, and a wolf highest with 105 degrees.

Which of the Apes Has the Best Brain?

The male gorilla comes next after man. Rating the human brain at 100 per cent., the gorilla brain comes next with a brain of 35 per cent., his wife with 31 per cent., the male orang next with 29 per cent., and the male chimpanzee with 28.

How Can a White Half-Persian Kitten be Kept Clean?

In clean surroundings the kitten should keep itself tidy if it is in good health. Careful brushing should furnish any extra aid necessary. Long-furred white animals keep themselves spotless in a state of nature.

How Can the Age of a Goldfish be Told?

The task of determining the age of fishes engages the attention of scientists in many lands. The age of salmon, herring, cod, and haddock can be ascertained by the number of rings on each scale—one ring for each year. For the rest the problem is still being examined.

How Can We Be Sure that Hyenas and Men Lived at the Same Time in Britain?

The finding of the remains of men and hyenas together in caves and elsewhere is sufficient evidence, but more significant still is the existence in the Torquay Museum of a hyena skull with the flint spear-head which killed the animal still in position.

Can a Crab Climb a Tree? Yes;

the robber crab of the Pacific and Indian Oceans climbs the palm trees to get at the coconuts, and so serious are his thefts that planters have to fasten a band of polished tin round the trunk to stop his progress. There is a well-illustrated article giving all kinds of interesting information about crabs in the new number of *My Magazine*—the C.N. monthly for March—now lying on the bookstalls with this paper.

WANDERERS IN THE SKY

WHERE JUPITER AND SATURN MAY BE SEEN

Real and Apparent Motions of the Planets

EARTH'S COMPANION WORLDS

DRAWING NEARER

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

The greatest worlds of our solar system, Saturn and Jupiter, are now to be seen in the East late in the evening.

About 10 o'clock they should be easily identified, Jupiter being much the brightest object to be seen, hovering due East above the horizon like a brilliant celestial lamp, totally unlike the scintillating star Spica below him, about nine times the Moon's apparent width away.

Above, and to the right of Jupiter, is Saturn, shining with a steady, leaden light. Close by Saturn, but not so bright, will be seen the wonderful double star Gamma Virginis.

Saturn's Movements

This most interesting quartette will be well worth watching right through the coming spring and summer evenings till the end of July. During this time the gradual change of place of the two planets in relation to the two stars will be very obvious. Jupiter will slowly recede from Spica, till by June he will be near Gamma Virginis. After that he will turn and rapidly approach Spica again, almost reaching him by August, when they will both be low in the West.

Saturn will appear to perform a similar wandering movement in the sky, but in a lesser degree, getting farther to the right of Gamma Virginis, till by the end of May he will be three times as far away as he is now. Then he will turn right about, and approach the star again, until by the end of July both will appear too near the Sun for observation.

This curious wandering movement, which caused the worlds of the solar system in ancient times to be called planets, meaning wanderers, is due to the Earth's motion in her much smaller orbit inside those of Jupiter and Saturn.

Travelling from Right to Left

Now, if a circle be drawn inside two much larger circles, and on these larger circles two dots be placed to represent Jupiter and Saturn, it will be seen that the Earth while travelling in that part of her circle which is right to left in relation to the much slower moving Jupiter and Saturn, will cause them to appear to travel from left to right among the stars—what is known as retrograde movement. But afterwards, when the Earth is travelling over the other half of her orbit—left to right in relation to Jupiter and Saturn—they will appear to travel from right to left among the stars, or what is called *direct*.

This is the way they actually do travel, and, as in this case their own motion is plus their apparent motion due to the Earth, they then appear to travel much more quickly and farther, as will occur with Jupiter and Saturn after May, when they will change from their retrograde movement to their direct course.

Jupiter at His Brightest

Both Jupiter and Saturn are rapidly getting nearer the Earth. Saturn will be at his nearest on March 25, when 793,730,000 miles will separate us. At present he is about 810 million miles off.

Jupiter, much nearer, is about 440 million miles away, but the Earth, by her rapid motion of about 19 miles a second compared with Jupiter's eight miles a second, is speedily reducing the distance, so that by April he will be but 414 million miles from us, and at his greatest brilliancy.

Saturn's retrograde movement appears smaller than Jupiter's on account of his much greater distance, but his motion appears slower partly on account of this and partly because he does actually travel much slower than Jupiter, covering, on an average, barely six miles in a second.

G. F. M.

LOST IN THE TRAIN

The Missing Title-Deeds
of Medland School

Told by T. C. Bridges,
the C.N. Storyteller

CHAPTER 63

Dicky Reasons It Out

JUST then the lightning flashed again, and in its glare Dicky got a glimpse of Joe's face, and if its expression had troubled him at dinner-time, now it absolutely terrified him.

"Catch him! We must catch him!" he cried, and made a dash forward.

In his wild haste he forgot the treacherous state of the ground, and plunged recklessly over the edge of the bank leading down into the hollow. His boots skidded on the slippery clay, and down he went with a thud that knocked the wind out of him so completely that he lay panting and gasping for breath.

Tom was beside him in a moment. "Are you hurt?" he asked anxiously, but for the moment Dicky could not answer him.

"N-no," he got out presently, and Tom helped him to his feet.

"Where are they?" panted Dicky as he started off again.

"Out of sight, I'm afraid," said Tom.

It was true. The rain was now falling as heavily as ever, and of Janion and Joe Last there was not the faintest sign.

Dicky was frantic. "Tom, we must find Joe," he exclaimed. "His face—did you see it? It scared me."

"I saw it right enough," replied Tom grimly. "But I'm afraid it's a hopeless job."

The two ran side by side in the direction in which Last and Janion had disappeared; but Tom was right—it was a hopeless job. On the grass of the meadow below the hollow there were no footmarks that they could follow, and though they circled round in every direction they never got sight or sound of the others.

"We'd better go back to the hollow," said Tom at last.

"What's the good of that?" asked Dicky bitterly.

"Janion might have gone back there to put the fire out," replied Tom in his sober way.

Dicky shrugged his shoulders. He was wet through, badly blown, and badly frightened.

"All right," he replied curtly, and they went back. To their amazement the cottage seemed all right. The smoke had all gone.

"Rain must have put the fire out," said Tom. "Shall we have a look?"

Dicky nodded, and they crept up. The place seemed empty, and they ventured to peer through a broken pane. Inside, a quantity of black ash lay on the floor.

"Looks like burnt paper," said Tom, puzzled.

But Dicky's sharp wits fathomed the mystery.

"It is burnt paper. Joe must have stuck it in through the window so as to drive Janion out."

Tom's eyes widened.

"That's about the size of it," he said slowly. "But what did he want to drive him out for?"

"Because he wanted to find the deeds," replied Dicky, quick as a flash.

Tom stared.

"Don't you see?" said Dicky impatiently. "Janion knew the Swallet Hole wasn't a safe hiding-place any longer, so he took the papers back here until he could find a new one. At least, that's the way Joe reasoned it out. Joe knew that anyone who thinks his house is on fire always grabs whatever is most valuable, so as to save it. That's the plan he's working on."

Tom considered a moment.

"Then you mean that Janion had the deeds when he bolted out, and that Joe meant to get them from him?"

"That's how I size it up," replied Dicky.

"But Janion's twice as strong as Joe," remonstrated Tom.

"Perhaps he is, but he's not half so quick."

"Then you think that Joe might have got them from him?"

"That's what I think. I only hope—Dicky's voice was very anxious. "I only hope Joe hasn't killed him."

Tom shivered slightly. He, too, had seen the look on Joe Last's face and had not liked it. But he pulled himself together.

"Nonsense, Dicky!" he replied sharply. "Joe isn't that sort. Now let's get back. We can't do any good here, and we may find Joe at school."

Neither of them said much as they tramped back. The rain fell harder than ever. It was like a tropical downpour. Every ditch was brimful, and down in the valley the Merle was roaring ominously.

CHAPTER 64

Dicky Goes to the Doctor

JOE was not in the school.

After quickly changing their soaked clothes, Dicky and Tom looked everywhere for him, but without success. At half-past four, when they had to go into afternoon school, they were both thoroughly scared.

"Think we'd better go to the Doctor, Dicky?" asked Tom, as they crossed the quadrangle under the same umbrella.

"Not yet," replied Dicky gravely. "but if he isn't back by tea-time I think we must."

For Dicky and Tom that hour of school was a perfect horror. Dicky in particular was so white and shaky that his master noticed it, and asked him quietly if he were ill.

But the worst of things comes to an end, and at last the tea-bell rang, and Dicky dashed out and across to the gate lodge.

"No, sir," was Mangles's reply to the boy's anxious question; "Mr. Last is not in. I've reported it to the master, and he's in a state about it. He's afraid something has happened."

Dicky and Tom looked at one another.

"We've got to tell him," said Dicky, in a voice that was little more than a whisper. Tom nodded, and, instead of following the rest of the boys to the dining-hall, the two went straight to Dr. Fair's study.

They found him in the act of putting on his mackintosh. He had grown thinner in the past few weeks, and his face looked old and careworn. He started slightly as the two boys appeared, then, looking at them, seemed to sense their errand.

"You have come about Last?" he said sharply.

"Yes, sir," replied Dicky. "We have."

"Tell me," said the Doctor; and Dicky, without further delay, told the story of the afternoon.

Dr. Fair's face grew even graver.

"And the last you saw of him he was chasing this man Janion?"

"Yes, sir."

"But why?"

Dicky felt horribly qualmish. He glanced at Tom, but Tom merely nodded, and Dicky realised that now at last he would have to make a clean breast of everything that had happened since the beginning of the term. There was nothing else for it.

The Doctor listened gravely, though at times—and especially when Dicky spoke of their adventure in the Swallet Hole—a look of surprise, almost of amazement, crossed his face. The two things that Dicky of course omitted were Calvert's blackguardly behaviour and the fact that he and Tom had been put in Coventry. And he said as little as possible about Philip.

But Dr. Fair had not been a schoolmaster for twenty years without being able to put two and two together, and, as a matter of fact, he was perfectly well aware that Calvert had been acting the bully. By the time Dicky had finished he knew almost as much as Dicky did himself, and had filled in most of the gaps.

Having told his story Dicky stood silent. He fully expected that he and Tom were in for it, for he knew they had broken bounds and all sorts of school rules. Not that he gave much thought to this; he was far too anxious about Joe.

The Doctor spoke.

"You have done well to come to me, Dent. As for your share and Burland's, you seem to have taken a good deal upon yourselves, but at the same time to have acted with commendable courage. The one point that still puzzles me is what part Last has in this unhappy business."

"That's what has been worrying us, sir," confessed Dicky. He looked up in the master's face. "If you ask me, sir, I believe he is shielding somebody else."

A shadow of a smile crossed the Doctor's face.

"You are a loyal soul, Dent. It may be so, and I hope it is. But just now we have no time to discuss this matter. Last must be found. That is our first task. I must communicate with Sergeant Croome, and—"

"What—with the police, sir?" exclaimed Dicky, in dismay.

"I see nothing else for it," answered the master. "For all we know, Last may have caught and attacked Janion, with a view to getting the deeds from him. In which case there can be hardly any doubt as to the result. Last may be lying terribly hurt out in this terrible storm."

"But the police, sir," said Dicky, deeply troubled. "If they come into it they might arrest Joe," he blurted out.

The Doctor looked very grave.

"We must trust that nothing of the sort will happen, my boy. But you must understand that they are the people to be appealed to in a case of this kind. I shall ask two of the masters to go as well, and I shall send Mangles and Bell. Now

you must go back to the others and get your tea, and please say nothing about this to anyone."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir," replied Dicky, and went away, feeling more upset than ever, yet in a way thankful that at last the Doctor had matters in his capable hands.

CHAPTER 65

The Waiting

IT is astonishing how news leaks out in a school. Though neither Dicky nor Tom had breathed a word to anyone else, every boy in the place had got wind that something was up.

Joe's absence from school had, of course, been noticed, and perhaps some of them had been questioning Mangles. At any rate, when Dicky came into the dining-hall, very late, he was at once assailed with questions by a dozen different boys.

The fact that he and Tom were supposed to be still in Coventry was entirely forgotten, and even Calvert and his pals did not make any effort to enforce it.

Indeed, Dicky noticed that Calvert was sitting glum and silent, and looking anything but happy, and that Doran and Gilkes were not talking to him, but were whispering together.

Dicky could not help feeling a little pleased that he and Tom were able to get a little of their own back.

"I don't know where Last is," he said briefly. "And if I did I shouldn't tell you."

Seeing that it was no use cross-questioning him the others at last left him alone, and he finished his tea in peace. Not that he had much appetite for it; he was far too worried about Joe.

Tea over, he and Tom went across to their class-room together.

The rain was still coming down almost as heavily as ever, and above the drum of the rain they could plainly hear a sound that none of them had ever before heard. It was the roar of the Merle rushing down the valley in tremendous flood.

Though it was too dark to see it, the low thunder was continuous, and in the class-room boys were talking about it.

"There'll be trouble if it rises much more," a boy called Manton was saying. "I expect the village will be flooded. I was down there this afternoon, and the people are in a funk of getting water into their cellars."

Another boy named Hart answered. Hart's people lived near Mapleston.

"It won't matter so long as the dam holds," he said. "But if that went we should have a bust up. There'd be a flood that would take the bottom out of the valley."

"You mean the dam at Crosscombe Gorge?" asked someone.

"Yes, the Deadwater, where they get the water from Salton," replied Hart. "But it's all right. You needn't worry about it. I expect the Salton people take jolly good care to keep it in good condition."

Just then the door flung open and Doran burst into the room.

"I say, you chaps, there's a rare row on about Last. I've just seen Bates and another master going off with Mangles and Bell the boot-boy. They've got lanterns and all sorts of things."

Everyone gathered round Doran and began asking questions and talking excitedly. All, that is, except Dicky and Tom.

Prep bell rang, and the boys gathered in the big school room for the last hour of the day's work.

Dr. Fair himself came in and took up his post at the desk. This was unusual, for one of the assistant masters always took prep. Everyone noticed how anxious and troubled he looked. But he said nothing, and the boys sat quietly enough. Outside, the rain roared down as heavily as ever. It seemed as if it would never stop.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

The Vain Commander

ABOUT ninety years before Jesus was born, a Roman youth belonging to a plebeian family that had thrown in its lot with the patrician, or aristocratic, party became prominent in the civil wars that were rending the Roman people asunder.

A plot was formed to kill him and his father, but by his bravery this was frustrated. Later on, after his father died, his enemies gained the upper hand, and his house in Rome was burned down.

He raised an army and sided with the Roman dictator, whose daughter he married. As a general he was skilful and successful, but his treatment of enemies was cruel, and his character is that of a vain fellow who loved praise and could easily be deceived by a flatterer.

Civil war broke out again, and once more this young general showed himself an able and victorious commander, but a cruel enemy. He had his good points, however, and on one occasion when a foe whom he had captured offered to hand over some private letters that would reveal the writers in Rome as the general's secret enemies, he executed the treacherous captive and had the letters burned without reading them, so that the writers remained unknown. It was a noble action worthy of a greater man.

At this very time, however, he claimed the whole of the credit for putting down a rebellion in Spain, although another general had co-operated and been equally successful. Here the conqueror showed his meanness.

After returning to Italy, he began to court favour with the people, and to restore some of the privileges that had been taken from them by the aristocratic party. Then he retired for a year or two, but later went into Asia, where he won further victories. On his return to Rome he was received with frantic enthusiasm, and given a great triumph.

But he had enemies among the aristocrats, and to meet them threw in his lot with the people's party, then supported by another general, who was destined to become far greater and more famous than he.

His ambition now was to become Dictator of the Roman world, but in the younger general, who had been supporting him, and now opposed him, he met his match.

War resulted, and the final victory was with the new general. The vain and ambitious commander was killed and be-

headed in Egypt. As a soldier he had always shown himself able and successful, but from all other points of view he was a very ordinary man of no great ability. Here is his portrait. Who was he?





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On Sale TODAY

Waken, Lads and Lasses Gay, On the Mountain Dawns the Day

DI MERRYMAN

It was Jackie's birthday, and his most cherished present was a watch. Just before half-past five he asked, "What time does the sun set today, mother?"

"Five-thirty," she replied.

Jackie consulted his watch and looked wise.

"Well, it will have to hurry up, or it will be late," he said.

How Much Did Each Receive?

THREE whole cakes, three half cakes, three-quarters of another, Between the piper and his wife and the fiddler and his mother.

Solution next week

A Chinese Rhyme

TEACH your son a trade before he's twenty, Whatso'er his powers. Plant your fields with rice and beans a-plenty— Not too many flowers.

WHY is a violin like the Bank of England? Because notes issue from it.

The Zoo That Never Was



The Uffle-Affle

I LIKE the Uffle-affle, And, as you plainly see, The Uffle he likes mushrooms, And mushrooms don't like me.

HOW could you make a tea-table into food?

By taking away the t it would be eatable.

Can You?

TWO wasps who were wanting to drink

Sat astride a jar of blue ink, And they said, "What a spree To dye blue it would be!" What they said when they sank I can't think.

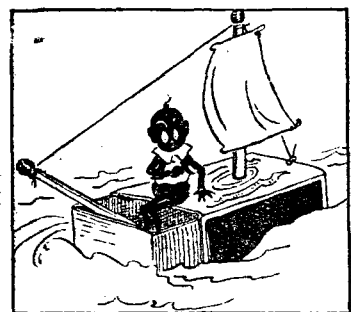


Adventures of Augustus & Marmaduke
AUGUSTUS and young Marmaduke off to the kitchen went, And then, of course, those naughty boys were both on mischief bent. "We'll make some pancakes," Marmy said. "It really will be fun To toss them in the frying-pan when they are nearly done."

They poured the batter in the pan. "Now watch me," Gussy said, Then tossed the pancake from the pan right on to Marmy's head. It stuck all round his ears and eyes and trickled down his back; They hadn't got it off before the cook was on their track.

In the Stable
ON the back of dear old Dobbin Sits a cheeky little robin; Legs too short to ride a-straddle— 'Sides, he hasn't any saddle!

The Cruise of the Matchbox



"MATCHES strike on the box," sighed Peter Brownie, as the waves grew higher and higher; "but my one hope is that match-boxes don't strike on the rocks."

WHY is a schoolmistress like the letter C? Because she makes lasses into classes.

A Wonderful Invention

A CLEVER inventor of Shoreham Made brown paper gloves and he wore 'em; They looked strong and neat Till he stopped in the street Just to pick up a pin, then he tore 'em.

Try This

SEE if your friends can answer this quickly. What part of three-pence is one-third of twopence? A two-ninth part.

Respect the Weak

A TRAVELLER tells us that he saw this notice in a restaurant in Ohio.

"Don't kick about our coffee. You may be old and weak yourself some day."

WHICH travels faster, heat or cold?

Heat, because you can catch cold.

Puzzle Tongue-twister

CAN you make a tongue-twister by placing the same consonant among these letters nine times?

ETERIERICKEDAECCKOFICKLEDEER
Solution next week

Busy

WHEN old Temptation sidles up To work your ruin, Just greet him with the simple words,

"There's nothin' doin'!"

But if he stays, and seeks to shake Your faith with doubt, Don't waste his time or yours; get up

And kick him out.

Do You Live in Penzance?

THE original spelling of Penzance is pedu sans, and the meaning is holy headland. Possibly there was a monastery or hermit's cell here in olden times.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Arithmetical Problem

Nine (ix) from six leaves S; ten (x) from nine (ix) leaves I; fifty (l) from forty (xl) leaves X, and you have SIX left.

Three Men and a Gull

The first man had only one eye, the second man had only one arm, and the third man had only one leg.

Puzzle Birds Goldcrest and kingfisher

Jacko Meets Horace

WHAT with the flour at one end and the coal at the other, the barge seemed pretty well full up.

Jacko hadn't the faintest idea where he was expected to take the things. He was wondering idly when a voice behind him called out: "Saucy boy! Hallo! Hallo! Are you there?"

Jacko turned round sharply.

There was nobody in sight; not a whisk of a coat-tail could he catch sight of, though he let go of the mare and prowled around for two or three minutes.

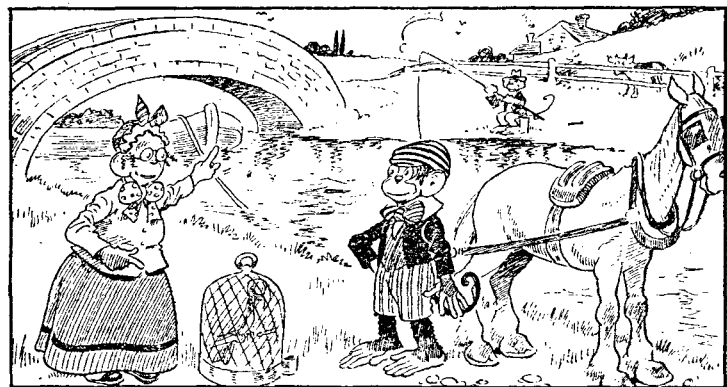
He had only gone on a few yards when up came an old lady with corkscrew curls. She grabbed Jacko's arm, but she was so agitated that she could hardly speak.

"Oh, have you seen him?" she gasped out at last. "I've lost him. He ran away from me, and I can't think where he can be." In her excitement she was squeezing Jacko's arm black and blue.

"Seen who?" asked Jacko.

"Horace," replied the old lady—"my little friend Horace."

"If it was Horace who called me names and shouted 'Hallo!' at me as if I were a telephone—" began Jacko.



"I've found him!" cried the old lady

"Yes! Yes!" interrupted the old lady. "It must be! Where did you see him?"

"I didn't," said Jacko, freeing his arm with great difficulty.

"But I heard him right enough."

"Where? Where?" cried the old lady.

Jacko threw a glance behind him.

"Over there!" he said, not too civilly, and, jerking the horse's rein, he trumped on again.

But in five minutes back came the old lady—with a cage in her hand!

"I've found him!" she said triumphantly. "The naughty little thing!"

"Help!" exclaimed Jacko, peering into the cage. "Why, it's a parrot!"

The old lady nodded.

"It's Horace," she said—"my little friend Horace. And now I've got him back I don't know how to part with him."

"Then don't!" said Jacko.

"I've got to," said the old lady. "I'm lending him to Sister Susan to cheer her up a bit while she's ill. I thought you'd take him for me. If you're going to the mill," she added, glancing at the bags of flour, "you will pass her cottage."

"Here, hold on!" said Jacko. "I don't know that I can."

But the old lady was fumbling in her pocket.

"You'll be good to him, won't you?" she went on cheerfully, pulling out a sixpence and pressing it into his hand. "The address is on the label. Good-bye, my beauty!" she added, and, throwing a kiss to Horace, off she went.

Jacko stood and stared after her, his arms akimbo.

"Shake a leg! Get a move on!" cried Horace. "Are you there? Are you THERE?"

Ici on Parle Français



Le ciseau Le facteur Le gouvernail
Le ciseau sert à tailler le bois
Le facteur apportera des lettres
Le gouvernail dirige le bateau



Le coupé La violette Le panier
Je sors en coupé quand il pleut
Aimez-vous l'odeur de la violette?
L'âne porte des paniers bien lourds

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are figures for four weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	BIRTHS		DEATHS	
	1922	1921	1922	1921
London	8064	8480	9399	4348
Glasgow	2488	2330	3160	1363
Manchester	1361	1502	1154	884
Belfast	892	843	534	588
Dublin	773	856	836	547
Edinburgh	707	685	929	588
Bristol	607	621	683	333
Newcastle	603	608	748	404
Swansea	285	309	170	158
Southampton	257	307	241	146
Coventry	205	232	130	93
Oxford	74	77	69	43

The four weeks end January 28, 1922

Tales Before Bedtime

Out to Tea

DICKY had a very long face. He was to go out to tea with his mother, and he hated going out to tea.

The worst part was the sitting still. He had got into trouble that very morning for kicking the legs of his chair.

"I do hope," his mother had said, "you will behave nicely at Mrs. Wilson's this afternoon."

Dicky hoped so too. But it was terrible to look forward to a whole hour of sitting still and never moving. He knew he mustn't speak until he was spoken to; but supposing something terrible happened? Suppose a snake got into the room and crept up and bit him?

When he said this his mother laughed at him.

"Don't be silly, Dick," she said. "You must learn to sit still; you're getting a big boy."

And for a long time that afternoon he did sit still. He behaved so splendidly that Mrs. Wilson smiled at him, and made him go and sit by her.

It was just after that that the terrible thing happened. Mrs. Wilson bent over the table to pour some hot water into the tea-pot.

The jug didn't pour very well; and while half the hot water went into the pot the other half ran out in a little stream on to Dicky's bare knee.

It was very hot, and it hurt horribly. If Dicky had been at home he would have screamed out and kicked like mad. But he wasn't at home; and he was on his very best behaviour. He had done so well up to that minute that he couldn't bear to spoil it all.

So he just bit his lips and clenched his hands, and never made a sound.

It was Mother who made all



He behaved splendidly

the commotion. A minute later she saw what had happened.

She was dreadfully angry with Mrs. Wilson, and she nearly wept when she saw the red mark on Dicky's leg.

"It doesn't hurt much—"

poor Dicky stammered.

But Mother hugged him up close and called him a hero.

"Any other boy," she said proudly to Mrs. Wilson, "would have made no end of a fuss."

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

February 25, 1922

Every Friday, 2d.

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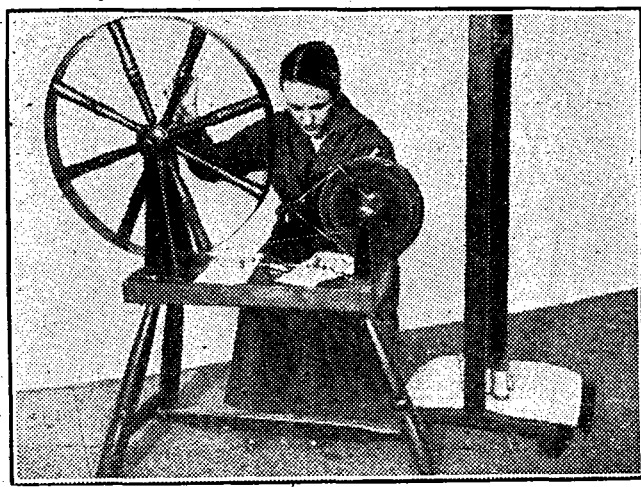
THE NEW POPE · 600-YEAR-OLD COTTAGE · SHACKLETON'S LAST HOME



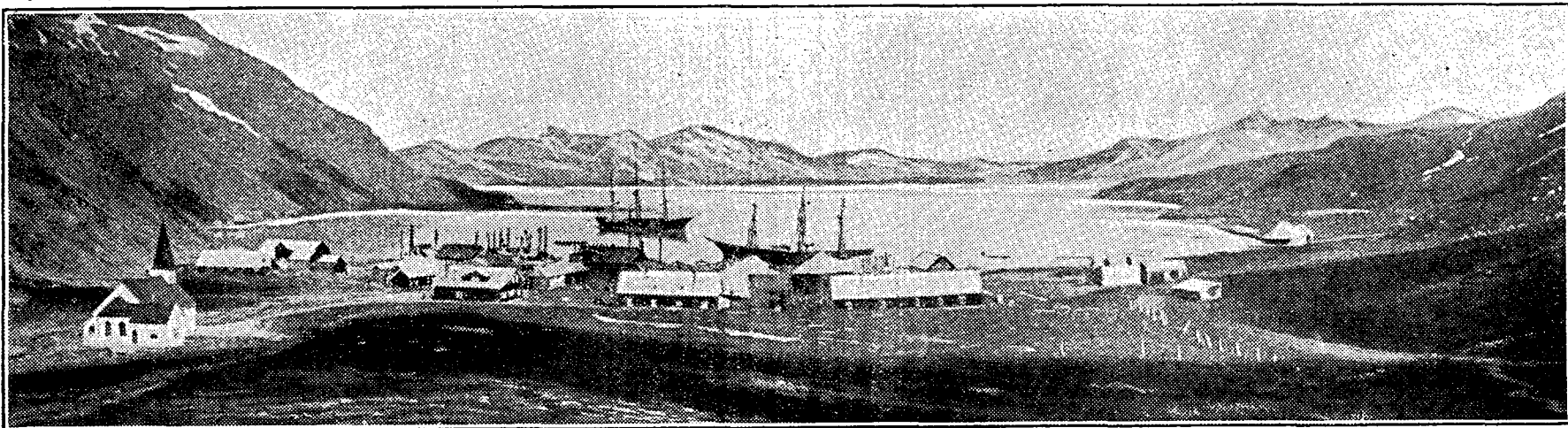
An Edward the Third Cottage—This 600-year-old cottage at Epsom stands in the way of a road-widening scheme, and some Americans tried to buy it and take it to the United States. Epsom has, however, acquired the cottage, and will preserve it



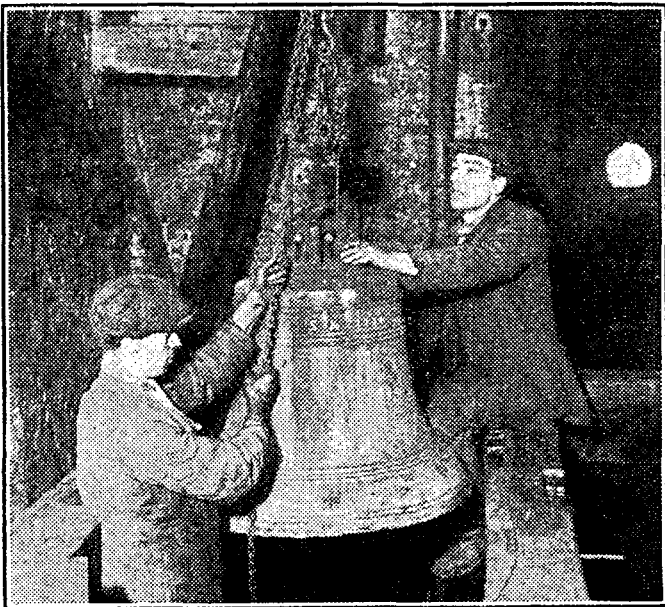
The New Pope—Cardinal Ratti, only recently made a cardinal, has been elected Pope, and takes the title of Pius XI. He is a great linguist, speaking over twenty languages. See page 7



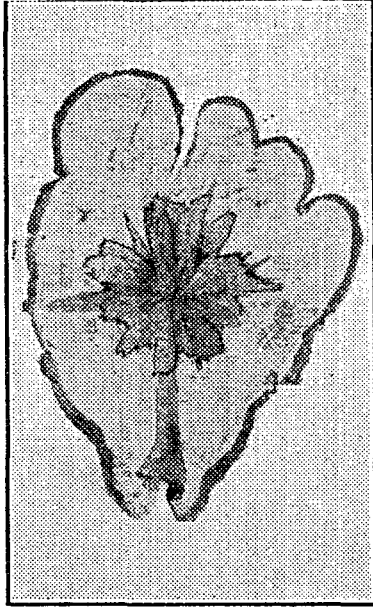
Weaving the Princess's Wedding Dress—The silk for the dress in which Princess Mary will be married in Westminster Abbey next Tuesday has been made by hand at Braintree, in Essex, and here we see the winding of the silk on quill bobbins for spinning



Shackleton's Last Home—The harbour of Grytviken, in South Georgia, where Shackleton breathed his last on board the Quest. Here at the very gate of the lonely Antarctic he is to be buried under the shadow of the most southerly Christian church in all the world. South Georgia was described in last week's C.N.



The Silent Bell—The timbers in the belfry of Southwark Cathedral, London, were loosened by the dry weather of last summer, and it has not been safe to ring the bells. In this picture one of the bells is shown being placed in position after the belfry was repaired



Design in a Tree—A C.N. reader sends this photograph of a curious, plant-like design found inside the trunk of an old apple-tree which his brother cut down recently



Scrambling for the Pancake—The quaint old custom of tossing the pancake is still observed at Westminster School on Shrove Tuesday, and here we see how the boys scramble for the largest piece of pancake, the securing of which earns for its owner a guinea



A Great Race—Over three hundred runners starting from Loughton, in Epping Forest, for the North of the Thames Cross Country Championship, which was won by H. W. Payne